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A

COLLECTION

OF

EPITAPHS

AND

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS,

HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, LITERARY,

AND MISCELLANEOUS.

To which is prefixed,

AN ESSAY ON EPITAPHS.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, & CO.
TEMPLE OF THE MUSES,
FINSBURY SQUARE.

1806.

J. WRIGHT, Printer,
St. John's Square, Clerkenwell

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE compiler of this work having, for a long series of years, derived considerable amusement from visiting the "silent mansions of the dead," and transcribing therefrom such inscriptions as he deemed most worthy of preservation, is induced to offer the produce of his industry to the public, in the hope that it may prove neither uninstructive nor unentertaining in the perusal.

But while he humbly claims some merit for the large portion of original matter that will be found exclusively in these volumes, he cannot withhold his obligations from the more early collectors, Toldervey, Hackett, and others, from whose labours he has derived many valuable additions, which, from the perishable nature of the originals, are, with the subjects they commemorate, falling hourly into oblivion.

The editor has preferred the melange *to that of a classification of subjects, and if he shall thereby occasionally beguile the serious of a smile, or the volatile of a few moments' steady reflection,*

who, otherwise, would have restricted their reading to the department most in unison with their sentiments, his object will be fully accomplished.

Translations, of such as were originally written in foreign languages, are given in this collection, and Dr. Johnson's celebrated Essay on Epitaphs, and Addison's remarks on the same subject, are likewise given, as properly introductory to the work.

London, June 10, 1806.

AN

ESSAY

ON

EPITAPHS.

THOUGH criticism has been cultivated in every age of learning, by men of great abilities and extensive knowledge, till the rules of writing are become rather burthensome than instructive to the mind; though almost every species of composition has been the subject of particular treatises, and given birth to definitions, distinctions, precepts, and illustrations; yet no critic of note, that has fallen within my observation, has hitherto thought *sepulchral inscriptions* worthy of a minute examination, or pointed out, with proper accuracy, their beauties and defects.

The reasons of this neglect it is useless to enquire, and, perhaps, impossible to discover; it might be justly expected that this kind of writing would have been the favourite topic of criticism, and that self-love might have produced some regard for it, in those authors that have crowded libraries with elaborate dissertations upon Homer; since, to afford a subject for heroic poems is the privilege of very few, but every man may expect to be recorded in an epitaph, and therefore finds some interest in providing that his memory may not suffer by an unskilful panegyric.

If our prejudices in favour of antiquity deserve to have any part in the regulation of our studies, EPITAPHS seem entitled to more than common regard, as they are probably of the same age with the art of writing. The most ancient structures in the world, the Pyramids, are supposed to be sepulchral monuments, which either pride or gratitude erected; and the same passions which incited men to such laborious and expensive methods of preserving their own memory, or that of their benefactors, would doubtless incline them not to neglect any easier means by which the same ends might be obtained. Nature and reason have dictated to every nation, that to preserve good actions from oblivion, is both the interest and duty of mankind; and therefore we find no people acquainted with the use of letters, that omitted to grace the tombs of their heroes and wise men with panegyrical inscriptions.

To examine, therefore, in what the perfection of EPITAPHS consists, and what rules are to be observed in composing them, will be at least of as much use as other critical enquiries; and for assigning a few hours to such disquisitions, great examples at least, if not strong reasons, may be pleaded.

An EPITAPH, as the word itself implies, is an *inscription on the tomb*, and in its most extensive import may admit indiscriminately satire or praise.—But as malice has seldom produced monuments of defamation, and the tombs hitherto raised have been

the work of friendship and benevolence, custom has contracted the original latitude of the *word*, so that it signifies, in the general acceptation, an *inscription engraven on a tomb in honour of the person deceased.*

As honours are paid to the dead in order to incite others to the imitation of their excellencies, the principal intention of EPITAPHS is to perpetuate the examples of virtue, that the tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same effect as the observation of his life. Those EPITAPHS are, therefore, the most perfect, which set virtue in the strongest light, and are best adapted to exalt the reader's ideas, and rouse his emulation.

To this end it is not always necessary to recount the actions of a hero, or enumerate the writings of a philosopher; to imagine such informations necessary, is to detract from their characters, or to suppose their works mortal, or their achievements in danger of being forgotten. The bare name of such men answers every purpose of a long inscription.

Had only the name of Sir Isaac Newton been subjoined to the design upon his monument, instead of a long detail of his discoveries, which no philosopher can want, and which none but a philosopher can understand, those, by whose direction it was raised, had done more honour both to him and to themselves.

This indeed is a commendation which it requires

no genius to bestow, but which can never become vulgar or contemptible, if bestowed with judgment; because no single age produces many men of merit superior to panegyric. None but the first names can stand unassisted against the attacks of time; and if men, raised to reputation by accident or caprice, have nothing but their names engraved on their tombs, there is danger lest in a few years the inscription require an interpreter. Thus have their expectations been disappointed, who honoured Picus of Mirandola with this pompous epitaph:—

Hic situs est Picus Mirandola, *cætera nount*
Et Tagus et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.

His name, then celebrated in the remotest corners of the earth, is now almost forgotten; and his works, then studied, admired, and applauded, are now mouldering in obscurity.

Next in dignity to the bare name is a short character, simple and unadorned, without exaggeration, superlatives, or rhetoric. Such were the inscriptions in use among the Romans, in which the victories gained by their emperors were commemorated by a single epithet; as Cæsar *Germanicus*, Cæsar *Dacicus*, *Germanicus*, *Illyricus*. Such would be this epitaph, Isaacus Newtonus, *naturæ legibus investigatis, hic quiescit.*

But, to far the greatest part of mankind, a longer encomium is necessary for the publication of their

virtues, and the preservation of their memories; and in the composition of these it is that art is principally required, and precepts therefore may be useful.

In writing EPITAPHS, one circumstance is to be considered, which affects no other composition; the place in which they are now commonly found, restrains them to a particular air of solemnity, and debars them from the admission of all lighter or gayer ornaments. In this it is that the style of an EPITAPH necessarily differs from that of an ELEGY. The custom of burying our dead either in or near our churches, perhaps originally founded on a rational design of fitting the mind for religious exercises, by laying before it the most affecting proof of the uncertainty of life, makes it proper to exclude from our EPITAPHS all such allusions as are contrary to the doctrines, for the propagation of which the churches are erected, and to the end for which those who perase the monuments must be supposed to come thither. Nothing is, therefore, more ridiculous than to copy the Roman inscriptions, which were engraven on stones by the high-way, and composed by those who generally reflected on mortality only to excite in themselves and others a quicker relish of pleasure, and a more luxurious enjoyment of life, and whose regard for the dead extended no farther than a wish that *the earth might be light upon them.*

All allusions to the heathen mythology are therefore absurd, and all regard for the senseless remains of a dead man impertinent and superstitious. One of the first distinctions of the primitive christians, was their neglect of bestowing garlands on the dead, in which they are very rationally defended by their apologist in Minutius Felix. "We lavish no flowers nor odours on the dead," says he, "because they have no sense of fragrance or of beauty." We profess to reverence the dead, not for their sake, but for our own. It is therefore always with indignation or contempt that I read the epitaph on Cowley, a man, whose learning and poetry were his lowest merits :—

Aurea dum late volitant tua scripta per orbem,
Et fama eternum vivis, divine Poëta,
Hic placida jaceas requie, custodiat urnam
Cana Fides, vigilentque perenni lampade Musæ!
Sit sacer ille locus, nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacrilega turbare manu venerabile bustum.
Intacti maneant, maneant per sæcula dulces
COWLEII *cineres, serventque immobile saxum.*

To pray that the ashes of a friend may lie undisturbed, and that the divinities that favoured him in his life, may watch for ever round him, to preserve his tomb from violation, and drive sacrilege away, is only rational in him who believes the soul interested in the repose of the body, and the powers

which he invokes for its protection able to preserve it. To censure such expressions as contrary to religion, or as remains of heathen superstition, would be too great a degree of severity. I condemn them only as uninstructive and unaffecting, as too ludicrous for reverence or grief, for christianity and a temple.

That the designs and decorations of monuments ought likewise to be formed with the same regard to the solemnity of the place, cannot be denied: it is an established principle, that all ornaments owe their beauty to their propriety. The same glitter of dress that adds graces to gaiety and youth, would make age and dignity contemptible. Charon with his boat is far from heightening the awful grandeur of the universal judgment, though drawn by Angelo himself; nor is it easy to imagine a greater absurdity than that of gracing the walls of a christian temple with the figure of Mars leading a hero to battle, or Cupids sporting round a virgin. The pope who defaced the statues of the deities at the tomb of Sannazarius is, in my opinion, more easily to be defended, than he that erected them.

It is, for the same reason, improper to address the EPITAPH to the passenger, a custom which an injudicious veneration for antiquity introduced again at the revival of letters, and which, among many others, Passeratius suffered to mislead him in his EPITAPH upon the heart of Henry, King of France, who was

stabbed by Clement the monk, which yet deserves to be inserted, for the sake of shewing how beautiful even improprieties may become, in the hands of a good writer:

Adsta, viator, et dole regum vices.
Cor Regis isto conditur sub marmore,
Qui jura Gallis, jura Sarmatis dedit.
Tectus cucullo hunc sustulit sicarius.
Abi, viator, et dole regum vices.

In the monkish ages, however ignorant and unpolished, the EPITAPHS were drawn up with far greater propriety than can be shewn in those which more enlightened times have produced.

Orate pro Anima—miserrimi Peccatoris,

was an address to the last degree striking and solemn, as it flowed naturally from the religion then believed, and awakened in the reader sentiments of benevolence for the deceased, and of concern for his own happiness. There was nothing trifling or ludicrous, nothing that did not tend to the noblest end, the propagation of piety and the increase of devotion.

It may seem very superfluous to lay it down as the first rule for writing EPITAPHS, that the name of the deceased is not to be omitted; nor should I have thought such a precept necessary, had not the practice of the greatest writers shewn, that it has not been sufficiently regarded. In most of the poetical EPITAPHS,

the names for whom they were composed, may be sought to no purpose, being only prefixed on the monument. To expose the absurdity of this omission, it is only necessary to ask how the EPITAPHS, which have outlived the stones on which they were inscribed, would have contributed to the information of posterity, had they wanted the names of those whom they celebrated.

In drawing the character of the deceased, there are no rules to be observed which do not equally relate to other compositions. The praise ought not to be general, because the mind is lost in the extent of any indefinite idea, and cannot be affected with what it cannot comprehend. When we hear only of a good or great man, we know not in what class to place him, nor have any notion of his character, distinct from that of a thousand others; his example can have no effect upon our conduct, as we have nothing remarkable or eminent to propose to our imitation.—The EPITAPH composed by Ennius, for his own tomb, has both the faults last mentioned:

Nemo me decoret lacrumis, nec funera, fletu
Faxit. Cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

The reader of this EPITAPH receives scarce any idea from it; he neither conceives any veneration for the man to whom it belongs, nor is instructed by what methods this boasted reputation is to be obtained.

Though a sepulchral inscription is professedly a panegyric, and, therefore, not confined to historical impartiality, yet it ought always to be written with regard to truth. No man ought to be commended for virtues which he never possessed, but whoever is curious to know his faults must inquire after them in other places; the monuments of the dead are not intended to perpetuate the memory of crimes, but to exhibit patterns of virtue. On the tomb of Mæcenas his luxury is not to be mentioned with his munificence, nor is the proscription to find a place on the monument of Augustus.

The best subject for EPITAPHS is private virtue; virtue exerted in the same circumstances in which the bulk of mankind are placed, and which, therefore, may admit of many imitators. He that has delivered his country from oppression, or freed the world from ignorance and error, can excite the emulation of a very small number; but he that has repelled the temptations of poverty, and disdained to free himself from distress at the expense of his virtue, may animate multitudes, by his example, to the same firmness of heart and steadiness of resolution.

Of this kind I cannot forbear the mention of two Greek inscriptions; one upon a man whose writings are well known, the other upon a person whose memory is preserved only in her EPITAPH, who both lived in slavery, the most calamitous estate in human life:—

Ζωσιμη ἡ περιν ευσα μονω τω σωματι δουλη,
Και τω σωματι νυν ευρεν ελευθεριην.

Zosima, quæ solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

"Zosima, who in her life could only have her body enslaved, now finds her body likewise set at liberty."

It is impossible to read this EPITAPH without being animated to bear the evils of life with constancy, and to support the dignity of human nature under the most pressing afflictions, both by the example of the heroine, whose grave we behold, and the prospect of that state in which, to use the language of the inspired writers, "The poor cease from their labours, and the weary be at rest."——

The other is upon Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher:

Δουλος Επικτητος κειμην, και σωμ' αναπηρος;
Και πενιην Ιρος, και φιλος Αθανατοις.

Servus Epictetus, mutilatus corpore vixi
Pauperieque Irus, curaque prima Deûm.

"Epictetus, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the favourite of Heaven."

In this distich is comprised the noblest panegyric, and the most important instruction. We may learn from it, that virtue is impracticable in no condition, since Epictetus could recommend himself to the regard

of heaven, amidst the temptations of poverty and slavery: slavery, which has always been found so destructive to virtue, that in many languages a slave and a thief are expressed by the same word. And we may be likewise admonished by it, not to lay any stress on a man's outward circumstances, in making an estimate of his real value, since Epictetus, the beggar, the cripple, and the slave, was the favourite of heaven.

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents, upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those, whom they must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side; or the holy men, that divided the world with their contests and disputes; I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Addison.

EPITAPHS, &c.

CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, OVIEDO.

At the entrance of this church is a most remarkable tomb, erected by a prince named Silo, with a very curious Latin inscription, which may be read two hundred and seventy ways, beginning with the capital in the centre.

Silo princeps fecit.

T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
E C N I R P O L I S I L O P R I N C E
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T

On the tomb are inscribed these letters:

H. S. E. S. S. T. T. L.

Which are the initials of the following Latin words:

Hic situs est Silo, sit tibi terra levis.

In English:

"Here lies Silo—may the cart lay light upon him."

ON A LADY.

EQUAL, as age advanc'd, her virtues grew,
And Heaven, her aim, still nearer shone in view;
So great th' increase, at length, faith chang'd to sight,
And the full prospect beam'd intensely bright;
Mortality oppress'd, no more could bear,
But sunk to rest, and sleeps in silence here.

ON J. B———D. ESQ.

Late Alderman of D.

HERE, fast asleep, upon his back,
By death extended, lies plump *Jack*,
A sleeper ne'er to be forgot,
Renown'd as *Ch——y*, or as *Trott*.
Oft has he slept (we've heard him snore)
Within these sacred walls before;
Yet, charm'd awhile by MORPHEUS' rod,
He soon shook off the feeble God,
And soon victorious 'gan to rise,
And yawn, and stare, and rub his eyes.
Now vanquish'd quite, behold him fall,
Attack'd by sleep, and death, and all.
Be serious Muse.—The day will come
When he, fresh rising from this tomb,
Shall life and other realms explore
And wake, to die, to sleep no more.

ON MR. ROGERS, JUN^{R}.

OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

By Dryden.

OF gentle blood, his parents only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure:
Adorn'd with features, virtue, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race!
More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better state:
But knowing Heaven his home, to shun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took a shorter way.

ON THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

By Ambrose Phillips.

WEEPING o'er thy sacred urn,
Ever shall the Muses mourn;
Sadly shall their numbers flow,
Ever elegant in woe.
Thousands, nobly born, shall die,
Thousands in oblivion lie;
Names which leave no track behind,
Like the clouds before the wind,
When the dusky shadows pass,
Lightly fleeting o'er the grass:
But, O *Halifax!* thy name
Shall through ages rise in fame;
Sweet remembrance shalt thou find,
Sweet in every noble mind.

ST. MICHAEL'S, WOOD-STREET.

JOHN CASY, of this parish, whose dwelling was
In the north corner house as to *Lad Lane* you pass.
For better knowledge, the name it hath now,
It is call'd and known by the name of the Plow
Out of that house yeerely did geeve
Twentie shillings to the poore, their neede to releeve;
Which money the tenant must yeerelie pay
To the parson and churchwardens on *St. Thomas* day.
The heir of that house, *Thomas Bowrman* by name,
Hath since, by his deed, confirmed the same.
Whose love to the poore doth thereby appeare,
And after his death shall live many a yeere.
Therefore in your life do good while yee may,
That when meagre Death shall take you away,
Yee may live and like-famed as *Casy* and *Bowrman*,
For he that doth well, shall be never a poor man.

ST. JOHN'S, WESTMINSTER.

HERE lyeth *Humphrey Gosling*, of *London*, *vintner*,
Of the *Whyt Hart*, of this parish, a neighbour;
Of vertuous behaviour; a very good archer;
And of honest mirth, a good company keeper.
So well inclyned to poor and rich,
God send more *Goslings* to be sich.

ON SIR ALBERTUS MORETON,

AND HIS LADY.

He first departed; *She* for one day try'd
To live without him,—lik'd it not, and dy'd.

ST. MARGARET'S, LONDON.

BODY. I, *Mary Pawson*, ly below slepying.
SOULE. I, *Mary Pawson*, sit above waking.
BOTH. { We hope to meete again with glory cloath'd,
{ Then *Mary Pawson* be for ever blessed.

IN THE DIOCESE OF

ROCHESTER.

On **** *Palmer, of Orford, Esquire,* ****.

Palmers all our faders were,
I, a *Palmer*, lived here,
And trauyl'd still, 'till worn wyth age,
I ended this world's pylgramage,
On the blyst assention day
In the cherful month of May;
A thousand wyth fowr hundryd seuen,
And took my jorney hense to Heuen.

ON A GRAVESTONE,

In the Ruins of an old Church, near Broughton-Green,

NORTHAMPTON.

TIME was, I stood where thou dost now,
And view'd the dead as thou dost me;
Ere long thou'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand and look on thee.

ON A YOUNG ROSCIUS,

IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By Ben Jonson.

*S. P. A CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.

Weep with me all you that read
This little story;
And know for whom a tear you shed,—
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that did so thrive
In age and feature,
As Heav'n and Nature seem'd to strive,
Which own'd the creature.
Yeeres he number'd scarce thirteen,
When Fates turn'd cruel,
Yet three full zodiacks had he been
The stage's jewel.
And did act, what now we moane,
Old men so duely,
As sooth the Parcæ thought him one,
He plaid so truely.
So by error, to his fate,
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas, too late,
They have repented.
And have sought, to give new birth.
In bathes to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

* Most likely Sal Pavy, who had a part in *Cynthia's Revels*, and the *Poetaster*.

ON LADY VENUSIA DIGBY.

By Randolph.

Beauty itself lies here, in whom alone
Each part enjoy'd the same perfection.
In some the eyes we praise, in some the hair;
In her the lips, in her the cheeks are fair;
That nymph's fine feet, her hands we beauteous call;
But in this form we praise no part, but all.
The ages past have many beauties shown,
And I more plenty in our time have known:
But in the age to come I look for none;
Nature despairs, because the pattern's gone.

A TRUE REPORT OF

MRS. ISABELLA HARINGTON,

Mother of the Translator of Orlando Furioso, &c.

A body chast, a virtuous mind,
A temperat toung, an humble hart,
Secret and wise, faithful and kind,
Plaine without guile, milde without art,
A friend to peace, a foe to strife,
A spotlesse maid, a matchlesse wife.

ON JOHN MILLS.

Here lies *John Mills*, who over hills
Pursu'd the hounds with hollow;
The leap tho' high, from earth to skie,
The *huntsman* we must follow.

ON WILLIAM THE THIRD.

By Dr. Watts.

BENEATH these horrors of a tomb
Greatness in humble ruin lies;
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies!)

Preserve, O venerable pile!
Inviolate thy sacred trust;
To thy cold arms the *British* isle,
Weeping, commits her richest dust.

Ye gentlest ministers of fate!
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest slumbers wait,
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head;
Round him his faithful arms shall stand;
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye sister arts of paint and verse,
Place *Albion* fainting by his side!
Her groans arising o'er the hearse;
And *Belgia* sinking when he died.

High o'er the grave *Religion* set,
In solemn gold; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian virtues round.

Fair *Liberty*, in sables drest,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn;
"*William the scourge of tyrants past,*
"*And awe of Princes yet unborn.*"

Sweet Peace his sacred reliques keep,
With olives blooming round her head;
And stretch her wings across the deep,
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame!
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe!
Thy thousand voices sound his name,
In silver accents, round the globe.

Flatt'ry shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary Truth inspires the song;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And Slander gnaw her forky tongue.

Night and the Grave remove your gloom,
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
But Glory bids the royal tomb
Disdain the horrors of a shade.

Glory, with all her lamps, shall burn!
And watch the Warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last Trumpet rouse his urn,
To aid the triumphs of the day.

ON A GENTLEMAN.

Why start? the case is yours, or will be soon;
Some years perhaps, perhaps another moon:
Life, in its utmost span, is still a breath,
And those who longest dream must wake in death.
Like you, I once thought ev'ry bliss secure,
And gold of ev'ry ill the certain cure:
Till, steep'd in sorrows, and besieg'd with pain,
Too late I found all earthly riches vain;
Disease, with scorn, threw back the sordid fee,
And Death still answer'd, "What is gold to me?"
Fame, titles, honour, glory, next I sought,
And fools obsequious nurs'd the childish thought.
Circled with brib'd applause, and purchas'd praise,
I built on endless pleasure, endless days;
Till death awak'd me from a dream of pride,
And laid a prouder beggar by my side.
Pleasure I courted, and obey'd my taste;
The banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay repast:
A loathsome carcase was my constant care,
And worlds were ransack'd but for me to share.
Go on, poor wretch! to luxury be firm;
But, know, I feasted, but—to feast a worm.
Already, sure, less terrible I seem;
And you, like me, will own that life's a dream.
Farewel; remember, nor my words despise,
The only happy are the early wise.

NORTHLEIGH.

All you that told lies of my mother and me,
Come to my grave and see.

ON RICHARD THE THIRD.

Buried at Leicester, by Order and at the Expence of King Henry the Seventh.

I, WHO am laid beneath this marble stone,
RICHARD THE THIRD, possess'd the British throne.
My country's guardian in my nephew's claim,
By trust betray'd I to the kingdom came.
Two years and sixty days, save two, I reign'd,
And bravely strove in fight; but unsustain'd
My ENGLISH left me in the luckless field,
Where I to Henry's arms was forc'd to yield.
Yet at his cost my corse this tomb obtains,
Who piously interr'd me, and ordains
That regal honours wait a king's remains.
Th' year thirteen hundred was and eighty-four,
The twenty-first of *August*, when its power,
And all its rights, I did to the red rose restore,
Reader, whoe'er thou art, thy prayers bestow,
T' atone my crimes, and ease my pains below.

BY MALLET.

THIS humble grave, tho' no proud structures grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place:
Yet blameless virtue that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb,
O 'scap'd from life, O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and pity, wait sincere on thee;
Lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear;
And holy friendship stands a mourner here.

ON SIMON TAYLER, ESQ.

Receiver General for Norfolk.

Pensive peruse, and keep, where'er thou art,
This wholesome lesson treasur'd in thy heart:
Tho' to the wealth the heart humane be join'd,
And all the bless'd benevolence of mind;
Tho' widows hail thee, as thou mov'st along,
And orphans join in the celestial song;
In blooming youth, adorn'd with every grace,
The noblest offspring of a human race;
The virtues from thy parents handed down,
Kept and increas'd with thousands of thy own:
To ask thy stay, tho' ev'ry streaming eye,
And ev'ry hand were lifted to the sky;
In the same track with *Tayler* thou must tread,
And join the number of the worthy dead.

ON LORD BALMERINO.

Here lies a Baron bold; take care;
There may be treason in a tear.
And yet my *Arthur* may find room,
Where greater folks don't always come.

ON RANDOLPH PETER,

Of Ox[illegible] the Eater.

Whoe'er you are, tread softly, I entreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be sure he'll eat you.

ON MASTER NEWBERY.

By C. Smart.

HENCEFORTH be every tender tear suppress't,
Or let us weep for joy that he is blest;
From grief to bliss, from earth to heav'n remov'd,
His mem'ry honour'd, as his life belov'd.
That heart, o'er which no evil e'er had pow'r!
That disposition, sickness could not sour!
That sense, so oft to riper years denied!
That patience, heroes might have own'd with pride!
His painful race undauntedly he ran,
And on th' eleventh winter dy'd a man.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought *mighty odd*
Ev'ry word that she heard in this church about *God.*
To convince her of *God* the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held *nature more clever,*
Tho' he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other she found *better fun.*
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd to live in the clouds was but *comical.*
In this world she despis'd ev'ry soul she met here,
And now she's in t'other she thinks it but *queer.*

ON SIR JOHN VANBRUGH,

The Architect.

LIE light upon him earth! tho' he
Laid many a heavy load on *thee.*

BLANDFORD, DORSET.

By Christopher Pitt,

ON HIS FATHER, MOTHER, AND BROTHER.

Ye sacred spirits, while your friends distress'd,
Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the bless'd:
O let the pensive Muse inscribe this stone,
And with the gen'ral sorrow mix her own:
The pensive Muse! who from this mournful hour
Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more!
Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive,
'Tis all a brother, all a son can give.

ON RICHARD SAVAGE,

THE UNFORTUNATE POET.

From pomp in mind, and meanness in estate,
From rebel passions, still at war with fate,
Now manumiz'd, th' unequal strife is o'er,
Fix'd is his fate, his hopes and fears no more.
Peace to his soul I *wish*; I *hope* it too;
Since in his crimes his punishments we view:
Left to remorse by rage, to scorn by pride,
To friendship wrong'd, a martyr, when he dy'd.*
Oh blam'd yet mourn'd, despis'd yet honour'd shade,
No more thy fame shall spread *a chequer'd shade.*
Thy faults shall perish, all thy worth shall shine,
For frailty's mortal,—excellence divine:
O'er all the rest, while dark oblivion flows,
Late times shall know thy birth, thy lays, thy woes.
Shall read, admire, compassionate, and praise,
And while they give, with tears bedew the bays.

* See p. 178 of his life, where it alludes to Mr. Pope's using the word *scoundrel*, which the unhappy SAVAGE did not long survive.

BY BEN JONSON.

What beauty would have lovely styl'd,
What manners pretty, nature mild,
What wonder perfect, all were fill'd
Upon record in this blest child.
And till the coming of the soul
To fetch the flesh, we keep the roll.

BY BEN JONSON.

Reader, stay;
And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lay till the last day
All that is left of Philip Gray,
It might your patience richly pay:
For if such men as he could die,
What surety of life have you and I?

Ask not who ended here his span;
His name, reproach and praise! was Man.
Did no great deeds adorn his course?
No deeds of his but show'd him worse,
One thing was great, which God supply'd,
He suffer'd human life, and dy'd.
What points of knowledge did he gain?
That life was sacred all—and vain.
Sacred, how high—and vain, how low—
He knew not here,—but dy'd to know.

ON GAY THE POET.

By Pope.

WELL then, poor GAY lies underground!
So there's an end of honest Jack!
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

SITTINGBOURNE.

I WAS as yee be, now in dust and clay,
Have mercy on my sowl yat bowght hit with yi blodde,
For ELISABETH of Cherite a paternoster say,
Sumtymes I was the wyff of EDMONDE POODDE.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ON SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNT.

Who received his Death at a Battle near Zutphen, in Gelderland, September 22, 1586.

England, *Netherland*, the *Heavens*, and the *Arts*,
The *Souldiers* and the *World* have made sixe parts
Of noble *Sidney*; for who will suppose,
That a small heape of stones can *Sidney* inclose!

England hath his *body*, for she it fed;
Netherland his *bloud*, in her defence shed:
The *Heavens* have his *soule*, the *Arts* have his *fame*,
The *Souldiers* the *griefe*, the *Worlde* his *good name*.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

EDMUND, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Who died in the 19th Year of his Age, 1735.

By Pope.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race for courage fam'd, and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or sages long to *Britain* giv'n,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to heav'n.

The following Lines, on the above Nobleman, I met with in Manuscript; but I do not know the Author.

Hail, *Patriot Youth!* lost in life's bloom,
In virtue's shrine with honour sleep;
While at the consecrated tomb
The Muses and the Graces weep.

But never shall thy mem'ry die,
All at thy urn shall that revere;
Who honours worth, shall heave a sigh,
Who *Britain* loves, shall drop a tear.

HERE lies little $\frac{***}{***}$, a yard deep or more,
That never lay quiet or silent before.
Her head always working, her tongue always prating,
And the pulse of her heart continually beating,
To the utmost extremes of loving and hating.
Her reason and humour were always at strife,
And yet she perform'd all the duties of life,
An excellent friend, and a pretty good wife.
So indulgent a lover, that no man could say
Whether PATTY or MINTA did rule or obey,
For the government changed some ten times a day.
At the hour of her birth some lucky star gave her
Wit and beauty enough to have lasted for ever,
But Fortune still froward where Nature is kind,
A narrow estate maliciously join'd
To a truly great genius and right noble mind.
Her body was built of such superfine clay,
That at length it grew brittle for want of allay:
Her soul then too busy on some foreign affair,
Of its own pretty dwelling took so little care,
That the tenement fell for want of repair.
Now far be from hence the fool and the knave,
But let all that pretend to be witty or brave,
Whether generous friend, or amorous slave
Contribute some tears to water her grave.

ON A FAT PHYSICIAN.

TAKE heed, O good trav'ller, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. STR-TF-RD, in all this church yard.

ST. PETER'S, NORWICH.

HERE lyeth JOHN BRIGGE, under this marbil ston,
Whos sowle our Lord Jesu have mercy upon;
For in this worlde, worthily he lived many a day,
And here hys bodi ys beried, and cowched under clay.
Lo! frendis fre, whatever ye be, pray for me, I you pray,
As ye may se, in soch degre, so schal ye be, another day.

OLD GREY FRIERS, EDINBURGH.

ON JOHN MILNE.

Who died December 24, 1667, aged 56.

GREAT artisan, grave senator, JOHN MILNE,
Renown'd for learning, prudence, parts, and skill;
Who in his life VITRUVIUS' art had shown,
Adorning other monuments; his own
Can have no other beauty than his name,
His memory, and everlasting fame.
Rare man he was, who could unite in one,
Highest and lowest occupation;
To sit with statesmen, counsellor to kings,
To work with tradesmen in mechanic things,
Majestic man, for person, wit, and grace,
This generation cannot fill his place.
Reader, JOHN MILNE, who maketh the fourth JOHN,
And by descent from father unto son,
Sixth master-mason to a royal race
Of seven successive kings, sleeps in this place.

ST. PANCRAS, LONDON.

ON AN ATTORNEY.

HERE lies one, believe it if you can,
Who, tho' an attorney, was an honest man;
The gates of Heav'n for him will open wide,
But will be shut 'gainst all the tribe beside.

NARDEN.

O Lord my Sauiour and hevenly Maker,
Have mercy on me *ELISABETH GRAISTOCK and DAKER.

ON MRS. ELIZABETH CORBETT.

By Pope.

ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

Who died at Paris, March 1st, 1724, of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense!
No conquests she, but o'er herself desir'd,
No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd,
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

* LADY ELIZABETH NEVILL, and daughter to the Lord DAKER, and DAME ANNE GRAISTOCK.

ON THE YOUNG LORD MOUNT-CASHEL.

By Mrs. Barber.

CHILDREN are snatcht away sometimes,
To punish parents for their crimes;
Thy mother's merit was so great,
Heaven hasten'd thy untimely fate,
To make her character complete.
Tho' many virtues fill'd her breast,
'Twas *Resignation* crown'd the rest.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By Pope.

HEROES and kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you,
Let *Horace* blush, and *Virgil* too.

ST. LAWRENCE, JURY, LONDON.

ON WILLIAM BIRD.

Who died October 2nd, 1698, *aged* 4 *Years.*

ONE charming *Bird* to *Paradise* is flown,
Yet are we not of comfort quite bereft:
Since one of this fair brood is still our own,
And still to cheer our drooping souls is left
This stays with us while that his flight doth take,
That earth and skies may one sweet concert make.

BY GRAY.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unkown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry—'twas all he had—a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n—'twas all he wish'd—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(Where they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THUNDERIDGE IN THE VALE, HERTFORDSHIRE.

ON ROGER GARDINER.

Who died April 13, 1658. *Aged* 21 *Years and* 9 *Months.*

ROGER lies here before his hour.
Thus does the GARDINER lose his flower.

ON ROBIN MASTERS,

An Undertaker.

HERE lieth *Robin Masters*—Faith 'twas hard,
To take away our honest *Robin's* breath;
Yet surely *Robin* was full well *prepar'd*,
Robin was always *looking out for Death.*

ON MISS ****.

In dawn of life she wisely sought her God,
And the straight path of thorny virtue trod;
In bloom of beauty humbly turn'd aside,
The incense flatt'ry offer'd to her pride.
In other's griefs a tender part she bore,
And all the needy shar'd her little store;
Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend,
Belov'd by all, to all the good a friend:
The bad she censur'd by her life alone,
Blind to their faults, severe upon her own.
At distance view'd the world with pious dread,
And to God's temple for protection fled;
There sought that peace which Heav'n alone can give,
And learn'd to die ere others learn to live.

ON ELIZABETH L.—— H.——

By Ben Jonson.

Would'st thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie,
As much beauty as could die;
Which, when alive, did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault;
One name was Elizabeth,
Th' other, let it sleep with death;
Fitter where it dy'd to tell,
Then that it liv'd at all. Farewell.

ON A PAIR OF

NATURAL PHILOSOPHERS.

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering JACK and idle Joan;
While rolling threescore years and one,
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd, and ate, good folks! what then?
Why, then they walk'd and ate again.
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day:
And having buried children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor sister either had, nor brother;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.
Their morals and œconomy
Most perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame, nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid:
So ev'ry servant took his course,
And bad at first, they all grew worse,
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short.

They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not the receipt;
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due
Of slumb'ring in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe:
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store;
Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added, nor confounded,
They neither wanted, nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ,
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carry'd,
Whoever either died or marry'd:
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise;
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of——as it were;
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd,
And so they liv'd, and so they dy'd.

ST. BENNET'S LONDON.

ON KATHERINE PRETTYMAN.

Who died August 11, 1594.

HERE lyeth KATHERINE PRETTYMAN,
A mayde of seventeen yeeres;
In SUFFOLKE born, in LONDON bred,
As by her death appears.
With Nature's gifts she was adorn'd,
Of honest birth and kin,
Her virtuous minde, with modest grace,
Did love of many win.
But when she should, with honest match,
Have liv'd a wedded life,
Stay there, quoth JOVE, the world is nought,
For she shall be my wife.
And Death, since thou hast done thy due,
Lay nuptial rites aside,
And follow her unto the grave,
That should have been your bride:
Whose honest life, and faithful end,
Her patience therewithall,
Doth plainly shew, that she with CHRIST,
Now lives, and ever shall.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,
Here sleeps in silent tombs a gentle train;
No folly wasted their paternal store,
No guilt, no sordid av'rice made it more.
With honest fame and sober plenty crown'd,
They liv'd, and spread their cheering influence round.
May *he* whose hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praise!

ON A LADY.

BLUSH not, ye fair, to own me, but be wise,
Nor turn from sad Mortality your eyes:
Fame says, and Fame alone can tell how true,
I once was lovely, and belov'd like you.
Where are my vot'ries? where my flatt'rers now?
Fled with the subject of each lover's vow.
Adieu! the roses red and lilies white;
Adieu! those eyes that made the darkness light:
No more, alas! that coral lip is seen,
Nor longer breathes the fragrant gale between.
Turn from your mirror, and behold in me
At once what thousands can't or dare not see;
Unvarnish'd I the real truths impart,
Nor here am plac'd, but to direct the heart.
Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe
The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.
On beauty's fragile state no more depend,
Here youth and beauty, age and sorrow end:
Here drops the mask; here shuts the final scene;
Nor differs grave threescore from gay fifteen:
All press alike to that same goal the tomb,
Where wrinkled LAURA smiles at CHLOE's bloom.
When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,
Learn here the lesson to be vain no more;
Yet virtue still against decay can arm,
And even lend mortality a charm.

'Here lies J. H. in expectation of the day of
'judgement,
'What he was, that day will shew.'

IN ST. MARIA NUOVA, NAPLES, IS AN ITALIAN INSCRIPTION, WHICH IN ENGLISH RUNS THUS.

'I was what I am not. I am what I was not.
'What I am thou shalt be. SPAIN gave me birth:
'ITALY determined my fortune. Here I lie buried.
'RODERIGO NUNEZ DE PALMA, 1597.'

ON WILLIAM PRYNNE.

By Butler.

HERE lies the corpse of WILLIAM PRYNNE,
Bencher, late of Lincoln's-Inn,
Who restless ran through thick and thin.

This grand scripturient paper-spiller,
This endless, needless margin-filler,
Was strangely tost from post to pillar.

His brain's career was never stopping,
But pen with rheum of gall still dropping,
Till hand o'er head brought ears to cropping.

Nor would he yet surcease such themes,
But prostitute new virgin reams,
To types of his fanatic dreams.

But while he this hot humour huggs,
And for more length of tedder tugs,
Death fang'd the remnant of his lugs.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Sacred to the Memory of

WILLIAM PRUDE, Esq.

Lieutenant-Colonel in the Belgick Wars: slain at the Siege of Maestricht, the 12 July, 1632.

STAND, Soldiers; ere you march by way of charge,
Take an example here that may enlarge
Your minds to noble actions. Here in peace
Rests one whose life was war, whose rich increase
Of fame and honour from his valour grew,
Unbegg'd, unbought, for what he won he drew
By just desert: having in service been
A soldier till near sixty, from sixteen
Years of his active life: continually
Fearless of death, yet still prepar'd to die
In his religious thoughts: for 'midst all harms
He bore as much of piety as arms.
Now, Soldiers, on, and fear not to intrude
The gates of death, by example of this PRUDE.

ST. GEORGE'S RATCLIFF CHURCH YARD.

To the Memory of the learned and ingenious

MR. DUGGAN,

who died July 6th, 1777, aged 24 Years.

HERE rests a youth whom fate has snatch'd away,
Just when his genius beam'd its flatt'ring ray;
But that's not all, his greatest merit shone,
In moral precepts which were all his own;
The path of virtue ever he pursu'd,
And gloried in the act of doing good:
Now o'er his grave each worthy friend replies,
Clasping their friendly hands, "HERE DUGGAN LIES."

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

IN MEMORY OF HENRY CROFT,

Who died in 1609.

Six lines this image shall delineate,
Hight Croft, high borne, in spirit and virtue high,
Approv'd, belov'd, a knight, stout Mars his mate,
Love's fire, war's flame, in heart, head, hand and eye;
Which flame, war's comet, grace now so refines,
That fixt in heaven, in heaven and earth it shines.

PROSOPOPEIA.

The womb and tomb in name be not so near,
As life to death, and birth is to the bier:
Oh then how soon to bier are captains brought,
That now do live, and die now with a thought;
Then captains stay and read, still think on me,
For with a thought, what I am, you may be.
As Mars near Mors doth sound,
So Mors near Mars is found.

ON MACKLIN, THE PLAYER.

Who died at the advanced Age of one hundred and seven Years, two Months, and ten Days. He lies in the Chancel of Covent Garden Church.

Here lies the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.

These lines were given by Mr. Pope, as the most appropriate inscription for Macklin, after his chaste representation of Shakespeare's Shylock, but they do not appear on his tomb.

TITCHFIELD, HANTS.

The husband speaking truly of his wife,
Reads his loss in her death, her praise in life.

Died July 4th, 1618, aged 70.

HERE LUCIE QUIMBIE BROMFIELD buried lies,
With neighbours sad, weeping hearts, sighs, eyes,
Children eleven, ten living, me she brought;
More kind, true, chaste, was none in deed or thought,
House, children, state by her was ruled, bred, thrives
One of the best of maids, women, wives.
Now gone to God, her heart sent long before
In fasting, prayer, faith, hopē and alms deeds store.
If any fault she loved me too much,
Ah pardon that, for there are too few such.
Then, Reader, if thou not hard hearted be,
Praise God for her, but sigh and pray for me.
Here by her dead, I dead desire to lie,
Till rais'd to life, we meet no more to die.

LES SAINTS INNOCENTS, PARIS.

'I, NICOLAS LE FEVRE,
'A most singular sinner, lies here.
'What can be said truer *of* me,
'Or what better *by* me, I know not.
'I confess, sweet JESUS; and, O! do thou pardon!
'For this wert thou born, and for this didst thou suffer,
'That we might be saved by thee.
'He lived 68 years, 4 months, and 3 days.
'Died in the year 1612.'

ST. GENEVIEVE, AT PARIS.

Is an Inscription to the Memory of

MARIA MARTINOZZI,

PRINCESSE DE CONTI,

WHO, retiring from the world in the nineteenth year of her age, sold all her jewels, for the support of the poor of the provinces of BERRI, CHAMPAGNE, and PICARDY, during the famine in the year 1662: practised all the austerities her constitution would bear; remained a widow from the twenty-ninth year of her age, in order to bestow a christian and virtuous education on the princes, her sons, and to maintain justice and religion through all her estates; confined herself to a very moderate expence; restored all the effects, the acquisition of which seemed doubtful to her, to the value of 800,000 livres; distributed all the overplus of her fortune to the needy in her own lands, and all other parts of the world; and suddenly passed from life to eternity, after sixteen years perseverance, in Feb. 1672, in the 36th year of her age.

Pray for her.

LOUIS ARMAND DE BOURBON, PRINCE DE CONTI, and FRANCIS LOUIS DE BOURBON, PRINCE OF ROCHE SUR GONNE, her children, have erected this monument.

IN WALES.

——————————O rare!

King—What are you there?

Yes mortal, here I lay in silent rest,

From sorrow free, no cares disturb my breast.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ON SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM,

Who died April 6th, 1590.

S HALL honour, fame, and titles of renown,
I n clods of clay be thus inclosed still?
R ather will I, tho' wiser wits may frown,
F or to enlarge his fame extend my skill.
R ight, gentle reader, be it known to thee,
A famous knight doth here interred lie,
N oble by birth, renown'd by policie,
C onfounding foes which wrought our jeopardie.
I n foreign countries their intents he knew,
S uch was his zeal to do his country good,
W hen dangers would by enemies ensue,
A s well as they themselves he understood.
L aunch fourth, ye Muses, into streams of praise,
S ing and sound forth praise-worthy harmony;
I n ENGLAND death cut off his dismal days,
N ot wrong'd by death, but by false treachery:
G rudge not at this imperfect epitaph,
H erein I have exprest my simple skill,
A s the first-fruits proceeding from a graff,
M ake them a better whosoever will.

ON A GLUTTON.

At length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er,
I've eat sufficient, and I'll drink no more;
My night is come, I've spent a jovial day,
'Tis time to part, but oh—what is to pay!

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON LADY CECIL,

Who died in Child-bed, in the Year 1591.

A Brooke by name, the Baron Cobham's childe,
A Newton was she by her mother's side,
Cecil her husbande this for her did builde,
To prove his love did after death abide;
Which tells unto the worldes that after come
The worldes concepte whileste heare she holde a roome.

How nature made her wise, and wel beseeminge,
Witt, and condition, silente, trew, and chaste,
Her vertues rare, wanne her much esteeminge,
In courte with soveraigne still with favoure grate,
Earth could not yealde more pleasinge earthye blisse,
Blest with two babes, the thirde brought her to this.

ON RICHARD WOOD.

Farewell you world: I tak leve for ever;
I am cityd to appere I no not where,
Yen al yis world yis tym I lever,
A litl spase to mak a sith for fere
Of my trespace, broken is for sorrow
Myn hart, now be, that sal not be tomorrow.
Farewel frendys, ye tide bidyth no man,
I am tak fro hens, and so sal ye;
But to what passage tel you I ne can,
Ye yat be livyng may prey well ye be,
Nakyd I go, nakyd hider we cam
Prey ye for me, Requiem æsternam.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

ON PRINCE EDWARD,

Eldest Son of King Edward III.

WHOSO thou be that passest by,
Where these corpse interred lie,
Understand what I shall say,
As at this time speak I may:
Such as thou art sometime was I,
Such as I am, such shalt thou be.
I little thought on the hour of death,
So long as I enjoyed breath.
Great riches here I did possess,
Whereof I made great nobleness:
I had gold, silver, wardrobes, and
Great treasures, horses, houses, land.
But now a caitiff poor am I,
Deep in the ground, lo! here I lie:
My beauty great is all quite gone,
My flesh is wasted to the bone.
My house is narrow now and throng,
Nothing but truth comes from my tongue.
And, if ye should see me this day,
I do not think, but ye would say,
That I had never been a man,
SO much altered now I am.
For God's sake pray to the heavenly King,
That he my soul to heaven would bring.
All they that pray and make accord
For me, unto my God and Lord,
God place them in his paradise,
Wherein no wretched caitiff lies.

ST. EDMUND'S, SARUM.

ON MR. RICHARD PHELPS,

Late Alderman of that City, and Mayor thereof. Died April 23d, 1662.

AND is he dead! and sha'n't the city weep?
That it no longer such a saint could keep.
Surely when Death shall thus lay hold upon
The pillars of the house, the building's gone.
Well may we fear and dread what God is doing,
That flames are kindling, while our LOTS are going.
The righteous is taken away
From the evil to come.

ON A GREAT ROGUE,

(A PARODY ON GRAY.)

HERE festering rots a *quondam* pest of earth,
To virtue and to honest shame unknown;
Low-cunning on a dunghill gave him birth,
Vice clapp'd her hands, and mark'd him for her own.

Quick were his fingers, and his soul was dark;
In lucky knavery lay all his hope;
No pains he spar'd, and seldom miss'd his mark;
So gain'd ('twas what he merited) a rope.

If farther you his villanies would know,
And genuine anecdotes desire to meet;
Go; read the story of his weal and woe,
Printed and sold by *Simpson*, near *The Fleet*.

ALL SAINTS, HERTS.

HERE lyeth under this ston WILLIAM WAKE,
And by him JONE his wyff and make;
Somtym yeman of JOHN DUC OF BEDFORD'S hors,
And lat surveyor with KING HENRY THE SIXTHE was,
Gentylman made he was at the holy grav;
On gwos sowls Almighty God mercy have.

ABBEY CHURCH, BATH.

HERE lies DOCTOR JOHN DAUNTSEY by name,
Whose harmless life, whose saint-like death, whose lasting fame,
With judgment good in physic bore,
Approv'd to posterity shall this engraving over, last evermore.

ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH YARD.

ON ADMIRAL BLAKE,

Who died in August 1657.

HERE lies a man made *Spain* and *Holland* shake,
Made *France* to tremble, and the *Turks* to quake;
Thus he tam'd men, but if a lady stood
In's sight, it rais'd a palsy in his blood;
Cupid's antagonist, who on his life
Had fortune as familiar as a wife.
A stiff, hard, iron soldier; for he,
It seems, had more of *Mars* than *Mercury:*
At sea he thunder'd, calm'd each rising wave,
And now he's dead, sent thundering to the grave.

ON SIR THOMAS CHALONER,

Who was born about the Year 1515, and died Oct. 7, 1565. He was a gallant Soldier, an able Statesman, and a very learned Writer, in the XVIth Century.

NATURE and Art in CHALONER combin'd,
And for his country form'd the patriot's mind.
With praise deserv'd his public posts he fill'd;
And equal fame his learned labours yield.
While yet he liv'd, he liv'd his country's pride,
And first his country injur'd when he dy'd.

ON SIR JOHN ROE.

By Ben Jonson.

I'LL not offend thee with a vain tear more,
Glad-mention'd ROE; thou art but gone before,
Whither the world must follow; and I now
Breathe to expect my when, and make my how.
Which, if most gracious heaven grant like thine,
Who wets my grave, can be no friend of mine.

ALLHALLOWS, BREAD-STREET.

THY livelesse trunk, O reverend STOCKE,
Like AARON'S rod, sprouts out againe,
And after two full winters past,
Yeelds blossomes and ripe fruit amaine.
For why this work of piety,
Perform'd by some of thy flocke,
To thy dead corps and sacred urne
Is but the fruit of this old *Stocke*.

ON EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.

THE ROMAN HISTORIAN,

Who was born in SURREY 1737, and died in LONDON in June 1794, aged 57.

By Lord Sheffield.

FORM'D for the studious and the cheerful hour,
Here, GIBBON, rest! thy course of honour run;
Few thy compeers in literary power,
And in the charms of social converse none.
Thy works immortalize th' historian's fame,
To fond remembrance let this verse commend
Worth, that delighted, by a dearer name,
The sprightly guest, or sympathetic friend.
He, in whose joy and grief 'twas thine to share,
SHEFFIELD, 'thro life to all thy merit just,
Pays, while he mourns a loss without repair,
These dues of friendship to thy hallow'd dust.

WALDEN, IN ESSEX.

ON SIR THOMAS AWDLEY.

Who died April 1544.

THE stroke of death's inevitable dart
Hath now, alas! of lyfe bereft the heart
Of SYR THOMAS AWDLEY of the Garter Knyght,
[illegible]hancellour of *England* undyr our Prince of myghte,
Henry the eighth worthy of hygh renowne,
And made by him LORD AWDLEY of this towne.

ON MR. MADDOX, A DANCING-MASTER, AND HIS WIFE.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

HAIL, happy pair! predestin'd long to prove
The chastest raptures of connubial love!
Who took no STEP thro' life's perplexed DANCE,
But what would well your mutual bliss advance!
Who FIGUR'D not a plan but what was meant
Again to JOIN YOUR HANDS with fresh content:
Tho' CEREMONIOUS—yet with EASE well fraught,
The very image of the art you taught!
Polite in all life's MAZY MEASURES try'd,
As the gay PARTNER to his destin'd bride.
Twice thirty years in gentle wedlock past,
The first was not so happy as the last!
Still each to each so complaisantly gay,
As raptur'd lovers on their nuptial day!
All wing'd with down their years advancing roll,
And still IMPROVE this UNISON of soul
Unvarying—courtly to his latest breath,
He gave his spouse PRECEDENCE e'en in death.
The truest honours to each other given,
He just surviv'd, THEN LED HER UP to Heaven.

BEVERLY MINSTER.

THE epitaph of ROBERT LEEDES,
Writ 'fore his death, 'mongst other deeds.
What was of this good squire,
And
What his hopes require.

ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

If ever parent, ever child was dear,
Here, as you stop, you'll drop the tender tear,
Here mourn whom, blest with sense, good nature, truth,
Death seiz'd, too early seiz'd, in bloom of youth,
Religion guided with her brightest rays,
And Virtue guarded to the throne of grace.
Hence let a mother's tears instruct the mind,
And weep Memento Mori to mankind.

WINCHCOMBE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

(*Go your ways, sin no more against the Lord.*)

Here lies Joseph Antony Myonet's son;
Abigail, his sister, to him is come.
Elemental fire this virgin kill'd,
As she sat on a cock in Stanway's field.
Rebecca in her dear son's grave doth lie,
And, if it please the Lord, and so will I.
These are not dead, that lie here in the deep,
When the last trumpet sounds it shall wake them from sleep.
And when I the last am carried forth of the door,
Then Death, do thy worst, thou can'st have no more.

RENNESLEY, HERTS.

Here lies interred, under this stone,
Richard Sadlier, once of this parish one.

GREY FRIERS, EDINBURGH.

On the Monument of

THE EARL OF ARGYLE,

Who was beheaded at EDINBURGH, *June* 30, 1685. *It is asserted that he wrote the following lines the day before his execution: a strong instance of the quietude of his conscience, and the serenity of his mind.*

THOU, passenger, that shalt have so much time
To view my grave, and ask what was my crime;
No stain of error, no black vice's brand,
Was that which chas'd me from my native land,
Love to my country twice sentenc'd to die,
Constrain'd my hands forgotten arms to try.
More by friends frauds my fall proceeded hath,
Than foes; tho' now they thrice decreed my death.
On my attempt tho' Providence did frown,
His oppress'd people God at length shall own.
Another hand, by more successful speed,
Shall raise the remnant, bruise the serpent's head,
Tho' my head fall, that is no tragic story,
Since going hence, I enter endless glory.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

HAD cruel death, whose harvest is each hour,
But stopt awhile to view this lovely flower,
In pity he had turn'd his scythe away,
And left her standing till another day;
But ruthless he mow'd on, and she, alas!
Too soon fell with'ring with the common grass.

IN ST. EUSTORGIO, MILAN,

By S. Thomas Aquinas,

Is a Latin inscription on the grave of ST. PETER MARTYR, an inquisitor in LOMBARDY, who, having made himself obnoxious for his great severities, was murdered not far from MILAN. In English it is thus:—

THE voice, the light, the cavalier,
Of Christ, men, and faith Roman,
Is dumb, is out, is lying here,
Butcher'd as e'er was no man.

ON MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

BY BISHOP CORBET.

He died March 1615, aged 29, and is buried in St. Peter's Westminster, but without any inscription.

HE that hath such acuteness, and such wit,
As would ask ten good heads to husband it;
He that can write so well, that no man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware:
BEAUMONT is dead, by whose sole death appears,
Wit's a disease consumes men in few years.

HERE lieth old BECK, who sold fruit at the cross,
But now she's departed, we shall have a loss;
She was a good wife, and a kind loving mother,
And, all things consider'd, we've scarce such another.

INSCRIPTION IN THE CHANCEL OF LANATH CHURCH.

SACRED

To the Memory of

ELIZABETH,

Wife of WILLIAM JONES, Esquire,

Of Clytha House, in this Parish,

Being too good to continue any longer in this world,
She received, with resignation, her summons from
Its miseries,
To the reward of a glorious Immortality,
On the 14th day of January 1787,
In the 58th year of her age.
This marble was erected,
And this inscription written
By her most afflicted and most grateful
Husband,
As a feeble effort to do some justice
To the memory of the best of wives,
And faintly to express that sense of her goodness
So indelibly engraven
On his Heart.

Dear honour'd shade! if angels ere bestow
A thought on what is acted here below;
With pitying eye this weak attempt survey,
The last sad tribute which thy friend can pay.
Thou best of women! once my greatest pride,
Dearer to me than all the world beside;
If various knowledge ever claim'd regard,
If meek-ey'd patience ever met reward,
If e'er thy milder virtues were approv'd,
If spotless honour ever was belov'd,

If mortals may departed worth revere,
Still let thy husband shed the silent tear:
Still let him press thy image to his heart,
From which it never, never shall depart.
Yet, yet awhile, and then 'twill be my lot
To join thy dust in yon sequester'd spot.
Mean time, as flowers spontaneous round it bloom,
May white-rob'd Innocence bedeck thy tomb!
May solemn requiems float upon the air,
For ever sweet to listening sorrow's ear;
While I, observant of thy virtues, strive
Like thee to suffer, and like thee to live.

PASSERAT.

An elegant French writer of Epitaphs, and author of the celebrated one on Henry III. who was killed by a Monk, left these lines only for his own tomb, desiring his scholars to strew garlands of flowers upon his grave.

I liv'd, I dy'd, the common lot of all.

Light o'er my bones the flow'ry herbage rest,
And no officious lines their peace molest.

CUMBERLAND.

Why look ye, d'ye see, now who lies here,
Sure, and sure, the body of John Tragere.
Who ne'er in all his life-time thought fit,
To marry his daughter to Nicholas Kirkit.

BIGBY, LINCOLN.

To the Memory of
ELIZABETH TIRWHITT,
Who departed this life July 16th, 1604.

STRANGER! who death's cold mansion passest by,
Perchance unmindful of thy future doom;
I'll tell thee who it is, while heaves the sigh,
That rests the tenant of yon silent tomb.
'Tis Bridget,—whose transcendent virtues bear
The noble stamp of a less noble line;
Such were indeed her virtues, rich and rare,
The hand that form'd her was itself divine.
None could, like her, e'er boast such matchless grace;
All view'd with rapture her enchanting form;
But now, alas! on that once beauteous face,
On those dear reliques, feeds the hungry worm.
Relentless Death! ah, why destroy this flower?
Why rudely crop it, ere 'twas fairly blown?
Why snatch my life, my love, in one sad hour,
Ere five and twenty years had scarcely flown?
Her merits well deserv'd a longer life:
Such was her worth, it claim'd a better meed:
And oh! had Heav'n but spar'd the lovely wife,
Then had the husband been most blest indeed.
But now the partner of her joys and cares,
Wan and forlorn, accusing wayward fate,
Like some lone dove, with ceaseless sighs and tears,
In vain laments her lost, her long lov'd mate.

PARISH CHURCH OF LEEDS, YORKSHIRE.

UNDER this stone do lie six children small,
Of JOHN WILLINGTON of the NORTH HALL.

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

HERE lieth the bodies of *John Moore*, and *Ann* his wife,
Father and mother to *Thomas Moore*, who here lyeth
With *Mary* his wife, also *John Moore* and *Margaret*,
Their sister here lyeth: here borne, here bred,
Here buried, December Anno 1613.

ST. BOTOLPH, ALDGATE.

MISS PRISCILLA ELYARD,

Aged 17 *Years. Died March* 26, 1799.

IF Beauty's magic power could save
The lov'd possessor from the grave,
If Virtue and fair Innocence
Could with the laws of Fate dispense,
Then tyrant Death thy cruel dart
Had never pierc'd this gentle heart,
Snatch'd her in all her blooming charms
A victim from her parents arms.
Yet, cease to shed the pitying tear,
For while her body slumbers here
Her soul has left this dark abode
To dwell for ever with her God.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

HERE lyes a babe, that only cry'd,
In baptism to be wash'd from sin, and dy'd.
January 17, 1666.

ON MR. JOHN FLIN,

A PAINTER, OF GALWAY, IN IRELAND,

Who, though a Roman Catholic, wrote the following Epitaph for himself.

HERE lies JOHN FLIN,
To worms a kin;
Eftsoons by vagrant boys bely'd,
That while he liv'd, he often dy'd.
Saints oft he painted,
Himself not sainted;
Yet leaves perhaps a fame as fair,
As many souls of them that are:
He laught at fate;
Despis'd the great;
Was happy in his fav'rite dram;
And pity'd those who others damn.
Liv'd to the age of sixty-seven,
Spurn'd at this earth, and flew to heaven.

ON MRS. G.———

By Broome.

WHOEVER knows or hears whose sacred bones
Rest here within these monumental stones,
How dear a mother, and how sweet a wife,
If he has bowels, cannot for his life
But on these ashes here some tears distill,
For if men will not weep, this marble will.

PRESCOT, LANCASHIRE.

Matthew Fairhurst, of Bold, was buried here,
Thirteenth of August, in the year
1715.
John, his son, did before him die,
And here below their bodies lie,
March 15, 1708.
Another son, *Samuel* by name,
Soon after his father hither came,
March 4, 1716.
And *James*, his son, was call'd away,
Interred here the twentieth day
November, 1719.
Thomas, his youngest son of all,
By Death's hand did after fall,
February 14, 1723.

FENNY STRATFORD CHAPEL, BUCKS.

ON THOMAS WILLIS, M.D.

In honour to thy mem'ry, blessed shade!
Was the foundation of this chapel laid.
Purchas'd by thee, thy son and* present heir,
Owe these three manors to thy sacred care.
For this, may all thy race thanks ever pay,
And yearly celebrate St. Martin's Day!†

* Browne Willis, Esq. the doctor's grandson.

† This chapel was raised and endowed by Browne Willis, and dedicated to St. Martin, because the doctor was born in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, London.

ST BOTOLPH, BISHOPSGATE.

On the 10th of August, Anno 1626,
Was interred, without the verge of the consecrated
Burial ground in Petty France,
The body of HADGI SHAUGHSWARE,
A Persian Merchant;
Whose son, according to the custom of his country,
Daily repaired to his grave,
For the space of a month,
Where he performed
Divers prayers and ceremonies over the defunct;
But being disturbed by the populace,
Discontinued his funeral devotions,
And erected a Monument to his Memory,
With a Persian Inscription,

ENGLISHED THUS:

This grave is made for Hadgi Shaughsware, the chiefest servant to the King of Persia for the space of twenty years; who came from the King of Persia, and died in his service. If any Persian cometh out of that country, let him read this, and a prayer for him, the Lord receive his soule; for here lieth Hadgi Maghmote Shaughsware, who was born in the town of Novoy, in Persia.

ON A HAPPY PAIR.

They were so one, that none could say
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey.
He rul'd, because she would obey; and she,
In so obeying, rul'd as well as he.

IN ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH-YARD, CROOKED LANE.

ON ROBERT PRESTON,

Late Drawer, at the Boar's Head Tavern, in Great East-cheap, who died March 16th, 1730, aged 27.

Bacchus, to give the toping world surprise,
Produc'd one sober son, and here he lies;
Tho' nurs'd among full hogsheads, he defy'd
The charms of wine, and ev'ry vice beside.
O Reader! if to justice thou'rt inclin'd,
Keep honest PRESTON daily in thy mind;
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that outweigh'd his fau'ts;
You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
Pray copy *Bob*, in measure and attendance.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

ON DOCTOR OTWELL HILL,

Who died 19th of May, 1616, aged 56.

'Tis Otwell Hill, a holy Hill,
And truly, sooth to say,
Upon this Hill, he praised still,
The Lord both night and day.
Upon this Hill this Hill did cry
Aloud the scripture letter,
And strove your wicked villains by
Good counsel to make better.
And now this Hill, tho' under stones
Has the Lord's Hills to lie on;
For Lincoln Hill has got his bones,
His soul the Hill of Sion.

HERE old JOHN RANDAL lies, who, telling of his tale,
Liv'd threescore years and ten, such virtue was in *ale*.
Ale was his meat, *ale* was his drink, *ale* did his heart revive;
And if he could have drank his *ale*, he still had been alive.

STEPNEY.

Here remains all that was mortal of

MR. ROGER CRABB,

Who entered into eternity the 11*th day of September*, 1680, *in the sixty-eighth year of his age.*

TREAD gently, reader, near the dust
Committed to this tomb-stone's trust;
For while 'twas flesh it held a guest
With universal love possest;
A soul that stemm'd opinions tide,
Did over sects in triumph ride;
Yet sep'rate from the giddy crowd,
And paths tradition had allow'd,
Through good and ill report he past,
Oft censur'd, yet approv'd at last.
Would'st thou his religion know,
In brief 'twas this: to all to do
Just as he would be done unto.
So in kind Nature's laws he stood,
A temple undefiled with blood,
A friend to ev'ry thing was good.
The rest—angels alone can fitly tell,
Haste then to them and him, and so farewell.

ON GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.

THE COMMENTATOR ON SHAKESPEARE.

By Mr. Hayley.

IN POPLAR CHAPEL.

In the middle aisle of this chapel
Lie the remains of GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.
Who, after having cheerfully employed
A considerable portion
Of his life and fortune
In the Illustration of Shakespeare,
Expired at Hampstead,
In his 64th year.
22d January,
1800.

PEACE to these reliques! once the bright attire
Of spirit sparkling with no common fire!
How oft has pleasure in the social hour
Smil'd at his wit's exhilarating power!
And truth attested with delight intense,
The serious charms of his colloquial sense?
His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could strike the grave, or fascinate the gay;
His critic labours of unwearied force,
Collected light from every distant source;
Want with such true beneficence he cheer'd,
All that his bounty gave, his zeal endear'd.
Learning as vast as mental power could seize,
In sport displaying, and with graceful ease,
Lightly the stage of chequer'd life he trod,
Careless of chance, confiding in his God.

ST. LEONARD'S, FOSTER-LANE.

ROBERT TRAPPIS, GOLDSMITH, 1526.

When the bels be merily roung,
And the Masse devoutly soung,
And the meate merely eaten,
Then sal Robert Trappis, his wyffe, and children
be forgotten,
Whefor, Jesu, that of Mary sproung,
Let their soulys, thy saynts among,
Though it be undeservy'd on their syde,
Yet, good Lord, let them evermore thy mercy abyde,
And of your cheritie
For their soulys say a Paternoster and an Ave.
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus, misere nobis,
Et Ancittis tuis sperantibus in Te.
O mater Dei, memento mei.
Jesu, Mercy, Lady help.

ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

By Fate's stern hand untimely snatch'd away,
Does this deep-vaulted cave a youth infold:
He gave to solitude the studious day,
And Pity fram'd his bosom of her mould.

With lyre devoted to Compassion's ear,
Did he bewail the vestal's hapless doom;
Oft has this marble caught his falling tear,
And for that generous tear he gain'd *a tomb*.

ON MR. HOWARD.

THIS extraordinary man had the fortune to be honoured whilst living in the manner his virtues deserved. He received the thanks of both houses of the British and Irish parliaments, for his eminent services rendered to his country and to mankind.

Our national prisons and hospitals, improved upon the suggestions of his wisdom, bear testimony to the solidity of his judgment, and to the estimation in which he was held.

In every part of the civilized world, which he traversed to reduce the sum of human misery, from the throne to the dungeon, his name was mentioned with respect, gratitude, and admiration.

His modesty alone defeated the various efforts which were made, during his life, to erect this statue, which the public has now consecrated to his memory.

He was born at *Hackney*, in the county of *Middlesex*, Sept. 11, 1726. The early part of his life he spent in retirement, residing principally upon his paternal estate at *Cardington*, in *Bedfordshire*; for which county he served the office of sheriff in the year 1773.

He expired at *Cherson*, in *Russian Tartary*, on the 20th of June, 1790, a victim to the perilous and benevolent attempt to ascertain the cause of, and find an efficacious remedy for, the plague.

He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality, in the ardent and unremitted exercise of Christian charity.

May this tribute to his fame excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON THE UNFORTUNATE

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Thus Englished.

If birth illustrious, or if beauty's pride,
A guiltless mind, and faith severely try'd;
If wisdom, fortitude, a candid breast,
And hope in Him who comforts the distrest;
If probity of heart, with patience mild,
To bear injurious wrongs, to be revil'd;
If goodness, majesty, a lib'ral will
To raise the wretched, and the poor to fill,
Could 'scape blind Fortune's thunders, that alike
On good or bad, on low and lofty, strike;
Thou hadst not early fall'n by being great,
Nor thy sad image seem'd to weep thy fate.
Scotland by right, by marriage *France*, was thine;
To these well-founded hope did *England* join;
By triple right a triple crown she wears;
But dim its lustre to a crown of stars.
Happy, too happy, if, the storm allay'd,
Though late, the neighb'ring realm had her obey'd:
But see, she falls, to triumph in the grave:
New vigour thence, and fruits, her branches have.
Conquer'd, she conquers; free, tho' close confin'd;
Not dead, tho' slain; the Fates her chains unbind:
So the prun'd vine shoots forth with fertile sprays,
And the cut gem reflects its purple rays;
So genial seeds, committed to the earth,
Rise from the fruitful soil a brighter birth.
With blood God's covenant with man was made;
With blood the Patriarchs his wrath allay'd;

With blood the first-born scap'd the gen'ral doom ;
Blood stain'd the land which now is her's become.
Oh stay thy vengeance, Heaven, for mercy's sake!
That fatal day be ever mark'd with black :—
To murder kings abhorr'd for evermore,
Nor *Britain* stain'd again with royal gore.
Let the example perish with the blow ;
Accurs'd its author, and its actor too.
Since in her better part she triumphs still,
Dumb be her fate, and silent ev'ry ill.
Such was her course, as Heav'n thought fit to steer,
She had her joys, she knew her sorrows, here.
Early to life the royal JAMES she gave,
Whom ev'ry kinder pow'r in keeping have.
By nuptials great, by birth still greater known ;
And greatest in her issue, such a son.
Here MARY lies, of whom we sighing sing ;
The daughter, wife, and mother of a king.
Grant Heaven! that to the latest times her race,
Their happy hours without a cloud may pass.

The prose part of the epitaph recounts her titles, and concludes thus :—

She was of a most ancient and truly royal descent ; related to the greatest princes of all Europe ; eminent for all accomplishments of mind and body.—But such is the vicissitude of human things! After an imprisonment of about twenty years, and a firm, but, alas! successless struggle against the calumnies of the malicious, the suspicions of the timorous, and the snares of the implacable, she lost her head! by an act of unparalleled severity, and to the disgrace of the sacredness of majesty. With a noble contempt of the world, and a soul superior to the fear of death,

and to the terrors of the executioner, leaving her soul to Christ, the kingdom to her son *James*, and to the spectators of this atrocious murder a pattern of the most exalted fortitude, she composedly submitted her royal head to the axe, and exchanged a precarious life for the eternity of heaven, on the 18th of February, 1587, aged 46.

ON A TOMB-STONE

IN THE WOODS OF DENHAM.

Sacred to the Memory of
FRANCES, the wife of GEORGE HOARE, Esq.
And daughter of WILLIAM SLUGH, Esq.
Of this place;
Who, in the short space of thirty one years,
Having graced a most amiable person
With every virtue that can adorn
The longest life,
And procure esteem upon earth, finished her
Course, alas! too early for our wishes,
On the 24th January, 1761.

Let the spotless Parian stone,
Emblem of a purer breast,
Tell her name, her name alone,
All who knew her feel the rest.
Whilst we here her loss lament,
Tears yet streaming from each eye,
Angels sing with one consent,
Welcome to thy native sky.

ST. FAITH'S, UNDER ST. PAUL'S.

WILLIAM LAMBE, so sometime was my name,
Whiles I alyve did run my mortall race!
Servynge a Prince of most immortal fame,
HENRY THE EIGHTH, who, of his princely grace,
In his chappell allowed me a place.
By whose favour, from Gentleman t' Esquire
I was preferr'd, with worship for my hire.
With wives three I joined wedlocks band,
Which all alike true lovers were to mee;
Joane, *Alice*, and *Joane*, for so they came to hand,
What needeth prayse regarding their degree?
In wively truth none stedfast more could be,
Who, though in earth Death's force did once dissever,
Heaven yet, I trust, shall joyne us all together.
O *Lambe* of God, which sinne didst take away,
And as a *Lambe* was offered up for sinne;
Where I (poor *Lambe*) went from thy flock astray,
Yet thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy *Lambe* to winne
Home to thy folde, and holde thy *Lambe* therein:
That at the day when *Lambes* and *Goats* shall sever,
Of thy choice *Lambes*, *Lambe* may be one for ever.

This *Lambe* having left a perpetual annuity to the poor of this parish, they are, upon receiving the said charity, to say these verses.

I pray you all that receive bread and pence,
To say the Lord's prayer before you go hence.

ON DR. WALKER,

Who wrote a Book entitled "Particles."

HERE lie *Walker's Particles.*

ST. MARY'S, WARWICK.

LETTICE, COUNTESSE OF LEYCESTER.

Who died on Christmas Day, 1634.

Look in this vault, and search it well,
Much treasure in it lately fell,
We all are robb'd, and all do say
Our wealth was carry'd this a-way;
And that the theft might ne'er be found,
'Tis buried closely under ground:
Yet, if you gently stir the mould,
There all our loss you may behold;
There may you see that face, that hand,
Which once was fairest in the land;
She that in her younger yeares
Match'd with two great *English* peares,
She that did supply the wars
With thunder, and the court with stars;
She that in her youth had bene
Darling to the maiden Quene,
Till she was content to quitt
Her favour for her favouritt:
Whose gold thread when she saw spunn,
And the death of her brave sonn,
Thought it safest to retire
From all care and vain desire,
To a private countrie cell,
Where her days she spent so well,
That to her the better sort
Came as to a holy court;
And the poor that lived near
Dearth or famine could not fear.
While she liv'd she lived thus,
Till that God, displeas'd with us,

Suffer'd her at last to fall,
Not from him, but from us all;
And because she took delight
Christ's poor members to invite,
He fully now requites her love,
And sends her angels from above,
That did to heaven her soul convey,
To solemnize his own birth-day.

ST. PETER'S, NORWICH.

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM WEST, COMEDIAN,

Late of the Norwich Company, who died June 17, 1773,
Aged 32.

To me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
To live; alas! one moment sets us even.
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven.

BY AARON HILL.

STAY, Bachelor, if you have wit,
A wonder to behold!
Husband and wife in one dark pit
Lie close, and never scold!
Tread softly though, for fear she wakes.—
Hark! she begins already!
"You've hurt my head—my shoulder aches;
"These sots can ne'er move steady."
Ah! friend, with happy freedom blest!
See! how my hopes miscarried!
Not death itself can give you rest,
Unless you die unmarried.

ON THE

RIGHT HON. THOMAS WINNINGTON.

NEAR his paternal seat here buried lies
The grave, the gay, the witty, and the wise;
Form'd for all parts, alike in all he shin'd,
Variously great, a genius unconfin'd!
In converse bright, judicious in debate,
In private amiable, in public great:
With all the statesman's knowledge, prudence, art,
With Friendship's open, undesigning heart,
The friend and heir here join their duty: one
Erects the busto, one inscribes the stone.
Not that they hope from these his fame should live,
That claims a longer date than they can give.
False to their trusts, the mould'ring busts decay,
And, soon effac'd, inscriptions wear away:
But *English annals* shall their place supply,
And, while they live, his name can never die.

ALLHALLOWS THE LESS,

LONDON.

JESU, that suffery'd bitter passion and peyn,
Have mercy on my soul, *John Chamberleyn*,
And my wyfs too,
Agnes and *Joan* also.
The seyd *John* deceis'd, the sooth for to sey,
In the monyth of Decembyr, the fowrth dey;
The yere of our Lord God, reckoned ful evin,
A thowsand fowr hundryd fowrscore and sevin.

ON MRS. HAWKESWORTH.

By her Husband.

Whoe'er, like me, with boding anguish brings,
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs;
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe disease and pain
Shall pour these salutary streams in vain;
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the flushing cheek, the sinking eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch with dumb despair each short'ning breath;
If chance direct him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose beauty warm'd me, and whose virtue blest;
Form'd every tie that binds the soul to prove
Her duty friendship, and that friendship love.
But yet, rememb'ring that the parting sigh
Ordain'd the just to *slumber*—not to *die*;
The falling tear I check'd, I kiss'd the rod,
And not to *earth* resigned her—but to God.

ON A MISER.

Reader beware, immoderate love of pelf,
Here lies the worst of thieves—who robb'd himself.

HAMMERSMITH.

ON JEAN ANDERSON, 1770.

Praises on tombs are vainly spent:
A good name is a monument.

ON A DRUNKARD.

BENEATH this stone one's dust is laid,
Who drank his *passing-cup* and reel'd to bed;
Death reach'd the bowl, and this prescription gave,
"Dose now thy senses sober in the grave."
Life paid the present shot; but oh! the tears,
When morn awakes him to his long arrears;
Charg'd with the revels of each former day,
For there's a *dreadful reck'ning* still to pay.

IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL

Is a Latin inscription

ON THOMAS HOBBES,

One of the Clerks of the King's Bench—in which it is observed, *that he has one solicitor in Heaven, which is Christ, but that there are very few there besides.*

ON KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

Written by the Duke of Montrose, with the Point of his Sword.

GREAT! good! and just! Could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
As it should deluge once again:
But since thy loud-tongu'd blood demands supplies,
More from *Briareus'* hands than *Argus'* eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpets' sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH-YARD, DURHAM.

ON ROBERT DODSLEY,

An eminent Bookseller.

BY JOSEPH SPENCE.

If you have any respect
For uncommon industry and merit,
Regard this place!
In which are interred the remains of
Mr. Robert Dodsley,
Who, as an author, rais'd himself
Much above what could have been expected
From one in his rank of life:
And without a learned education.
And who, as a man, was scarce
Exceeded by any, in integrity of heart
And purity of manners and conversation.
He left this life for a better,
September 23d, 1764,
In the 61st year of his age.

IN CHATHAM CHURCH-YARD.

ON MRS. ANN FARLAM,

Who died by the bite of her favourite Lap Dog.

Death, the last end of all, is fix'd, is sure,
But manifold the means that end procure.
My little favourite cur, my guiltless friend,
Thy tooth with frenzy struck, induc'd my end.
Be ready, mortals, for the solemn call;
No matter what the means by which you fall.

DR. SMOLLETT.

Translation of a Latin Inscription on a Tuscan Column, erected to the memory of Dr. Smollett, near Dumbarton, in the Highlands of Scotland.

STOP Traveller!
If elegance of taste and wit, if fertility of genius,
If a masterly art in delineating manners,
Have ever been the objects of your admiration,
Pause a little over the memory of

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

With those virtues, which, in the man and citizen,
You may both praise and imitate,
He was eminently distinguished:
As a writer, he discovered an extensive
Knowledge in literature, and
A felicity in composition
Peculiar to himself:
Having spent a life in these elegant studies,
And secured the applause of posterity,
He was snatched from this world,
By a severe distemper,
In the 51st year of his age:
How far, alas! from his native Country!
Near Leghorn, in Italy, he lies interred:
In memory of his many and distinguished virtues
This column,
Vain pledge, alas! of affection,
Was erected on the banks of the Leven,
The place of his nativity,
And subject of his latest poetry, by
James Smollett, of Bonhill, his Cousin-german,
Who ought rather to have received
This last tribute from him.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

By John Cleveland.

HERE lies wise and valiant dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just;
STRAFFORD, who was hurried hence,
'Twixt treason and convenience:
He spent his time here in a mist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist.
His prince's nearest joy and grief
He had, yet wanted all relief;
The prop and ruin of the state,
The people's violent love and hate,
One in the extremes lov'd and abhorr'd.
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies blood! and let it lie
Speechless still, and never cry.

ALDERSGATE, LONDON.

NOT far remote lies a lamented fair,
Whom heaven had fashion'd with peculiar care:
For sense distinguish'd, and esteem'd for truth,
And ev'ry winning ornament of youth.
Yet liv'd she free from envy, and admir'd,
But oh! too soon she from the world retir'd.
Filial affection rose in her so high,
No sage can censure the parental sigh:
The gen'rous plant had shone in beauty's pride;
Gaily it bloom'd, but in the blooming dy'd:
Learn from this marble, what thou valu'st most,
And set'st thy heart upon, may soon be lost.

ON MR. AIKMAN AND HIS SON.

By D. Mallet.

DEAR to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,
Here sleep in peace the father and the son.
By virtue as by nature close ally'd,
The *painter's genius*, but without the *pride*;
Worth unambitious, Wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth divine:
The son fair rising knew too short a date;
But, oh! how more severe a parent's fate!
He saw him torn untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and dy'd.

ON JOHN GRANTHAM,

Who died 23d July, 1751, aged 76.

AN honest man lies buried here,
A worthy neighbour, friend sincere,
A tender husband, father dear.
This character is strictly true:
Not only read,—but imitate it too.

EPITAPH

IN VARIOUS COUNTRY CHURCH-YARDS.

A PALE consumption gave the fatal blow,
The stroke was certain, but th' effect was slow:
With wasting pain, Death found me long opprest,
Pity'd my sighs, and kindly brought me rest.

ON SHADRACH JOHNSON,

Who kept the Wheat Sheaf at Bedford, and had twenty-four children by his first wife, and eight by his second.

SHADRACH lies here, who made both sexes happy,
The women with love-toys, the men with nappy.

ON A COUNTRY CURATE.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A curate poor, to stalls and tythes unknown;
No bishop smil'd upon his humble birth,
No minister e'er mark'd him for his own.

Bread was his only food, his drink the brook;
So small a salary did his rector send:
He left his laundress all he had—a book;
He found in Death—'twas all he wish'd—a friend.

No longer seek his wardrobe to disclose,
Nor draw his breeches from their darksome cell;
There, like their master, let them find repose,
Nor dread the horrors of a taylor's hell.

ON A BUTCHER.

BY this inscription be it understood,
My occupation was in shedding blood;
But now I rest, from sin and sorrow free,
Thro' Christ, my Lord, who shed his blood for me.

IN A CHURCH-YARD AT BRIGHTON.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY,

Aged nineteen.

UNPIERC'D by any dart but death,
I quick resign'd my fleeting breath;
My roses wither'd ere 'twas noon,
Alas! why blown to fade so soon?
Tell, angels tell, for angels know,
Why such transitions here below!
Is it that mortals, passing by,
May learn to live before they die?
Ye virgin's learn from hence your fate,
How frail is all your blooming state;
Your beauty soon must fade away,
But *virt'ous* charms will ne'er decay.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

O'ER the proud tomb let martial banners wave,
And glorious emblems decorate the grave;
Th' historic genius trace with golden pen,
And raise to gods the rich, who died but men;
Transmit to future times the titled name,
And bid their offspring emulate their fame.
These, Grandeur, are thy works!—this humble clay
Requires no Muse its virtues to portray;
Asks of the good alone the sigh sincere,
And, on the new-laid sod, the pitying tear
Of them, who piously addressing heaven,
Hope, with their own, his trespasses forgiven.

HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.

ON JOHN VEARY.

COULD the proud swelling dome, or awful *bust*,
Stay *putrefaction*, or distinguish *dust*,
Or bribe in truth's despite the voice of *fame*,
To give the guilty dead a saint's blest name;
Who wou'd they profit? *This* may then suffice,
This humble *stone*, to mark where *Veary* lies.
He needs not this; but weeping gratitude
Wou'd fain do something, and the *public good*
May need his fair example. Zeal for truth,
With *peace*, and *social love*, adorn'd his youth;
His riper years, when care did most abound,
With *patience*, *faith*, and *fortitude* were crown'd;
Wise, *cheerful*, *humble*, fearful to offend,
A *tender parent*, *husband*, and a *friend*.
The duties of each state he well supplied,
Liv'd much belov'd, and much lamented died.
And needs there more? Oh, Reader! if thou'rt wise,
The rest thy conscious soul itself supplies.

IN A CHURCH-YARD IN KENT.

How awful is the scene while here I tread!
These venerable mansions of the dead;
Time was, these ashes liv'd, and time shall be,
When others thus shall stand and gaze on me.
Awake then, O my soul, true wisdom learn,
Nor till to-morrow the great work adjourn.

ON A YOUNG CLERGYMAN,

IN LONDON.

STRANGER, should'st thou approach this awful shrine,
The merits of the honour'd dead to seek;
The friend, the son, the Christian, the divine,
Let those who knew him, those who lov'd him, speak.
O let them in some pause of anguish say,
What zeal inspir'd, what faith enlarg'd his breast;
How soon th' unfetter'd spirit wing'd its way,
From earth to heav'n, from blessing, to be blest.

KENSINGTON CHURCH-YARD.

ON MARY FLETCHER, Æ. 65, 1763.

PEACE to thy gentle shade, thy soul is free!
Death's but the gate to immortality.

DEAN PRIOR, DEVON.

ON SIR EDWARD GILES, AND HIS LADY.

No trust to metals nor to marbles, when
These have their fate, and wear away as men;
Times, titles, trophies, may be lost and spent;
But Virtue rears th' eternal monument.
What more than these can tombs and tombstones pay?
But *here's* the sunset of a tedious day;
These two asleep are, I'll but be undrest,
And so to bed; pray wish us all good rest.

ABERGAVENNY CHURCH.

HERE lyeth one of Abel's race,
Whom Cain did hunt from place to place;
Yet not dismaid, aboot he went,
Working untill his daies were spent.
Now having done, he takes a nap,
Here, in our common mother's lap,
Waiting to heare the bridegroom say,
"Arise my deare, and come away."
Obiit Hen. Maurice, 30 die Julie, 1682.

HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.

ON ELIZA ANN MATHIE,

Who had been six Months married.

SPRINGS and summers scarce nineteen
Had fair Eliza seen,
When Death, as envying that the earth
Should possess so rare a birth,
Snatch'd her from her husband's side—
Almost too young to be a bride!
Those who her op'ning virtues saw,
May thence a sad conjecture draw
Of what this sweet wife would have been,
If she many days had seen;
If partial Fate, which now we blame,
Had blest her with a mother's name;
But heaven otherwise dispos'd,
And the dark tomb about her clos'd:
The tomb, alas! a bed too cold
So fair, so young a bride t' enfold.

INTENDED BY

MR. PRIOR

FOR HIS OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
MATT. alive and in health, of his tomb-stone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.
Then take MATT's word for it the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine,* pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.
Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other mens are;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd—half pleasure, half care.
Nor to bus'ness a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make Int'rest and Freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave;
But, alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he!
Now in equipage stately; now humbly on foot;
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust,
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.
This verse, little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merits to view:

* Alluding to the busto (carved by the famous Coriveaux at Paris) on his monument in Westminster Abbey.

It says that his relics, collected, lie here,
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true.
Fierce robbers there are, that infest the highway,
So MATT. may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So MATT. may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.
If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if, passing, thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

ON PRIOR.

By Mr. Beckingham.

MEAN artifice! to gild precarious fame!
A PRIOR bears a statue in his name.
True merit does to heights unlabour'd climb,
And mocks the rust of age, and waste of time.
Thus did Apelles' hand death's rasure brave,
And share the immortality it gave:
Venus and Ammon, in his colours shewn,
Transmit the painter's glory with their own.

ON WILLIAM LAWES, A MUSICIAN.

Killed at the Siege of West-Chester.

Concord is *conquer'd;* in this urn there lies
The master of great Musick's mysteries;
And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
Will Lawes was slain by those whose *Wills* are *Lawes.*

In the north aisle of Lavenham church, is a small monument, with a man and woman engraven in brass: from his mouth proceeds a scroll, which has these words upon it: *In manus tuus duc comendo spiritum meum*, and underneath this inscription.

Contynuall prayse these lines in brass,
Of Allaine Dister here,
A clothier vertuous while he was
In Lavenham many a year:
For as in lyefe he loved best,
The poor to cloathe and feede,
So with the riche, and all the rest,
He neighbourly agreed;
And did appoynte, before he dyed,
A special yearly rent,
Which shoulde be, every Whitsontide,
Amongst the poorest spente.

Et obijt Anno Dm. 1534.

But, whatever this benefaction was, it is now lost, and no one is either willing or able to give any account of it.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD, IN NORFOLK.

ON A CHILD.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The op'ning bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

ON CAVE.

IN THE CHURCH OF BARROW UPON SOAR.

In the County of Leicester.

HERE, in this Grave, there lies a Cave,
We call a Cave a Grave.—
If Cave be Grave, and Grave be Cave,
Then, reader, judge, I crave,
Whether doth Cave here lie in Grave,
Or Grave here lie in Cave;
If Grave in Cave here buried lie,
Then, Grave, where is thy victory?
Go, reader, and report, here lies a Cave,
Who conquers Death, and buries his own Grave.

ON MISS MARTHA ANN YOUNG.

Who died July 14, 1797, in the fifteenth year of her age.

WHEN youth, when tender beauty, part from life,
Superior to the agonizing strife
Which rends the soul from all that earth holds dear,
Think not the source of fortitude lies here,
Think not they borrow from this fragile clay
So firm a temper, so divine a ray;
With fortitude from Heaven inspir'd, they rise
Angelic, ere transplanted to the skies;
Serene, content, cheerful, they meet the tomb,
Where, veil'd, their bud of life springs to eternal bloom.

SIR EDWARD WINTER.

In Battersea Church, Surry, is a monument to the memory of Sir Charles Edward Winter, an East India captain, in the reign of Charles the Second, of whom it is reported, that being attacked in the woods by a tiger, he placed himself by the side of a river, and when the beast flew at him, caught him in his arms, fell back with him into the water, got upon him, and kept him down till he was drowned. This adventure, as well as another wonderful exploit, is vouched for in the following lines, inscribed upon the monument.

Born to be great in fortune as in mind;
Too great to be within an isle confin'd;
Young, helpless, friendless, seas unknown he try'd,
But English courage all those wants supply'd.
A pregnant wit, a painful diligence,
Care to provide, and bounty to dispense,
Join'd with a soul sincere, plain, open, just,
Procur'd him friends, and friends procur'd him trust.
These were his fortune, rise, and thus began
The hardy youth, rais'd to that happy man.
A rare example, and unknown to most,
Where wealth is gain'd, and conscience is not lost.
Not less in martial honour was his name,
Witness his actions of immortal fame.
Alone, unarm'd, a tiger he oppress'd,
And crush'd to death the monster of a beast.
Thrice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew,
Singly, on foot, some wounded, some he slew,
Dispers'd the rest: what more could Sampson do?

HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.

ON FRANCIS BLACKWELL, AND MARY HIS WIFE.

HERE lies a holy and a happy pair:
As once in grace, they now in glory share.
They dar'd to suffer, and they fear'd to sin;
They meekly bore the cross, the crown to win;
So liv'd on earth, as not afraid to die;
So died, as heirs of immortality.
Reader, attend!—though dead, they speak to thee—
Tread the same paths—the same thy end shall be.

THE following curious epitaph appears on a head-stone in the church-yard of *Storrington*, in the COUNTY OF SUSSEX.

Here lies the body of Edward Hide;
We laid him here because he died.
We had rather
It had been his father.
If it had been his sister,
We should not have miss'd her.
But since 'tis honest Ned
No more shall be said.

IN HARROW CHURCH-YARD.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

SLEEP on, thou fair, and wait th' Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

IN CHISWICK CHURCH-YARD.

ON WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.

By Garrick.

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind!
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If Genius fire thee, Reader, stay—
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

He died the 26th October, 1764, Aged 67.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

IN LLANMYNECH CHURCH-YARD,

HERE lies John Thomas
And his three children dear;
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one here.

GUILSFIELD CHURCH-YARD, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

DAVID WILLIAMS.

Died June 30, 1769.

UNDER this yew tree
Buried would he be,
Because his father he
Planted this yew tree.

The following very remarkable Epitaph is taken from a brass plate affixed to a stone in the CATHEDRAL OF ELY, *between the Monuments of* BISHOP HETON *and* BISHOP GUNNING.

YET a verie little, and he that will come shall come.
The speritt and the bride say come.
Lett him that heareth say come.
And lett him that is a-thirst say come.
Even so come Lord Jesv.

VRSVLA { Tyndall by birth.
Coxee by choice.
Vpcher in age and for comfort.

ANNO ÆTATIS 77°.

N. B. This gentlewoman was the daughter of Doctor Humphrey Tyndall, first Dean of Ely, and was called Sappho from her wit and morals. She married at twenty, became a widow at forty two, and after having enjoyed her liberty thirty-five years, married again at seventy-seven, a lad of nineteen, "for comfort, being within two months of her end."

CHASTLETON CHURCH-YARD, OXFORD.

ON MR. BECKET.

By the Lady to whom he was soon to have been married.

COULD grateful love recal the fleeting breath,
Or chaste affection sooth relentless death;
Then had this stone ne'er claim'd a social tear,
Nor read to thoughtless youth a lesson here.

ON ROBIN HOOD.

HEAR underneath dis laitl stean
laiz robert earl of huntingdon;
nea arcir ver az hie sae geud,
an pipl kauld im Robin Heud:
sick utlawz as hi an is men
vil England niver si agen.
obiit 24 kal, dekembris 1247.

See Thoresby's Ducat Leod, p. 576. Biog. Brit. VI.—3933.

The above is in black letter.

IN MODERN ENGLISH.

Here, underneath this little stone,
Lays Robert Earl of Huntingdon:
No archer was as he so good,
And people call'd him Robin Hood:
Such outlaws as he and his men
Will England never see again.
He died December 24th, 1247.

The famous hero of the above epitaph had his chief residence in Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire, and the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

"In this time (about the 1190, in the reign of Richard the First) were many robbers, and outlaws, among the which Robin Hood and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them: or by resistance for their own defence.

"The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men, and good archers, with such spoiles and thefts

as he got, upon whom four hundred, (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore men's goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which, by theft, he got from abbeys and the houses of rich earles: whom Major (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe." Annals, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have, in all ages, rendered him the favourite of the common people; who, not content with celebrating his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed, it is not impossible but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirklees, in Yorkshire; where (as the story goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun, to whom he applied for phlebotomy.

IN BARTON-STACEY CHURCH-YARD, HANTS.

ON MR. JOHN COLLINCE,

WHERE 'twas I liv'd or dy'd, it matters not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
I was, but am not; ask no more of me;
Its all I am, and all that you must be.

The following Inscription is placed under a dial erected over the grave of EDWARD BOND, *Esq. of Armagh, in Ireland, who ordered one hundred pounds to be given to the Poor, instead of a pompous funeral,* 1744.

No marble pomp, no monumental praise;
My tomb this dial, epitaph these lays.
Pride and low mould'ring clay but ill agree;
Death levels me to beggars: kings to me.
Alive, instruction was my work each day;
Dead, I persist instruction to convey.
Here, Reader, mark (perhaps now in thy prime)
The stealing steps of never-standing time:
Thou'lt be what I am; catch the present hour;
Employ that well, for that's within thy power.

IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH-YARD, WINCHESTER.

To the Memory of

THOMAS THETCHER,

A grenadier in the North Battalion of the Hampshire Militia, who died of a fever, occasioned by drinking, when hot, a considerable quantity of small beer, the 12th of May, 1764. In grateful remembrance of whose universal good-will towards his comrades, this stone is placed here at their expence, as a small testimony of their regard and esteem.

HERE rests in peace, a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who kill'd himself by drinking poor small beer;
Soldiers, be warn'd by his untimely fall,
And when you're hot drink strong, or none at all.

The following beautiful lines, written by the Reverend Doctor Peckard and his Lady, on Newel Edis, an honest man, and many years parish clerk of Letton, a small village near Peterborough, in Northamptonshire, are taken from a grave stone in that churchyard.

Oh, that the dead might speak, and in a strain
To charm each death-form'd doubt and heartfelt pain!
Might tell the timid sons of vital breath,
How soft and easy is the bed of death!
Might from this moral truth rich comfort give,
That man but lives to die, and dies to live!

P. P.

Let sumptuous marbles, and the labour'd bust,
Grace the proud pile that covers titled dust;
Whilst o'er this sod, where sleeps the humble dead,
Returning springs a living verdure shed:
And on this stone the Muse unbought shall say,
" Blest is the man who claims the genuine lay
" Which truth and gratitude united pay.

M. P.

These lines are inscribed on the Tomb-stone of a Watch-Maker, in the Abbey Church, at Shrewsbury.

Thy movements, Gorsuch, kept in play,
The wheels of life felt no decay,
For fifty years at least;
'Till, by some sudden fatal stroke,
The main spring or the balance broke,
And all the movements ceas'd.

ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Who killed himself by drinking Strong Beer called October.

HERE lie I must,
Wrapp'd up in dust,
Confined to be sober;
*Clarke** take care,
Lest you come here,
For faith here's no October.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Born Dec. 25, 1642; died 20 March, 1726.

IN Westminster Abbey is an elegant monument, with appropriate figures, to the memory of the immortal Newton, with the following Latin inscription:—

Here is deposited Sir Isaac Newton, Knight, who, by the light of mathematical learning, and a force of mind almost divine, first explained the motions and figures of the planets and planetary orbits: the paths of the comets, the tides, and the ocean: and discovered, what no one before had ever suspected, the difference of the rays of light, and the distinction of colours thence arising. He was a diligent, faithful, and penetrating interpreter of Nature, of Antiquity, and the Holy Scripture. By his philosophy he asserted the Majesty of God, the greatest and most glorious of all Beings; and by his morals expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves, that there has been so great, so good a man, the glory of the human race.

* His pot-companion.

The following couplet was intended for his monument. By Mr. Pope.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, *Let Newton be*, and all was light.

The following verses also appeared.

THAT sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray,
Kindled the gloom of nature into day,
That soul of science, that unbounded mind!
That genius which exalted human kind!
Confest supreme of men! his country's pride,
And half esteem'd an angel—till he died:
Who in the eye of Heaven, like *Enoch* stood,
And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with God:
Who made his fame a sea without a shore,
And but forsook this world to know the laws of more.

ON THE SAME.

By Aaron Hill.

MORE than his name were less;—'Twould seem to fear,
He, who increas'd Heaven's fame, should want it here.
Yet, when the suns he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds he found are first decay'd;
Then, void and waste, Eternity shall lie,
And Time, and Newton's name, for ever die.

OLD GREY FRIERS, EDINBURGH.

STAY, passenger, and shed a tear,
For good JAMES MURRAY lieth here;
He was of PHILLIP HAUGH descended,
And for his merchandise commended.
He was a man of a good life,
Marry'd BETHIA MAULD to his wife;
He may thank God that e'er he got her,
She bore him three sons and a daughter.
The first he was a man of might,
For which the king made him a *knight*.
The second was both wise and wily,
For which the town made him a *baily*.
The third a *factor* of renown,
Both in *Camphire* and in this town.
His daughter was both grave and wise,
And married was to JAMES ELIES.

He died APRIL 30, 1649, in the 79 year of his age.

ISLINGTON.

ON JOHN MICHAEL STERN, 1762.

HIS life, tho' short, he labour'd to improve
In trade, in virtue, and in social love.
His heart was good, religiously inclin'd;
His temper sweet, benevolent, and kind;
His manner open, generous, and free;
He was a man, such as a man should be.

W. ELDERTON,

THE RED-NOSED BALLAD MAKER.

He was originally an attorney in the sheriff's court of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads, and probably other pieces. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and is thus translated by Oldys.

Dead drunk, here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

See Stowe's Lond. (Guildhall) — Biogr. Brit. (Drayton, by Oldys, Note B.)—Ath. Ox.—Camden's Remains—The Exaale-lation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo. 1653.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

DR. BUSBY.

Behold! underneath, lies the image of Busby: such as he appeared to human eyes. If you desire to see that part of him more deeply impressed on their minds, thoughtfully survey the shining characters of both universities, and the law, and the leading and principal men in the court, the parliament, and the church. When you have seen such a full-sown and plenteous harvest of ingenious men, only consider what he must have been who sowed it. This was he

who nicely discovered, usefully managed, and happily improved the natural genius of every one: this he, who, by his instructions, reformed and nourished the minds of youth, that they learned to grow wise as they learned language; and while they were educated as boys, they improved as men. As many as, taught by him, appeared in public, so many faithful and strenuous asserters were raised to the church and monarchy of England. Lastly, whatsoever fame the school of Westminster boasts, an whatever advantage mankind shall reap from thence, is principally owing to Busby, and will be owing to him in all ages. So useful a member of the commonwealth, God was pleased to bless with length of days and increase of riches; and, in return, he cheerfully devoted himself and his for the promotion of piety, to relieve the poor, to encourage learning, and to repair churches. These were his ways of enjoying wealth; and what he did not employ in his life-time to this purpose, he bequeathed at his death.

ON THE PEDESTAL.

Richard Busby, of the county of Lincoln, D. D. born at Lutton, 1606, Sept. 22. Made master of Westminster College, 1640, Dec. 23. Elected prebend of Westminster, 1660, July 5; and treasurer of Wells, Aug. 11, in the same year. He died 1695, April 5.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MRS. BEHN.

Died April 16, 1689.

HERE lies a proof that wit can never be
Defence enough against mortality.

IN GLASGOW CHURCH-YARD.

HERE ligs *Mess Andrew Gray*,
Of whom ne mukle good can I say;
He was ne *Quaker*, for he had ne spirit;
He was ne *Papist*, for he had ne merit;
He was ne *Turk*, for he drank muckle wine;
He was ne *Jew*, for he eat muckle swine.
Full forty years he preach'd and lee'd;
For which God dom'd him when he dee'd.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

ON MERIC CASAUBON.

STAY, traveller, and reverence. Here Meric Casaubon divested himself of the mortal remains of his immortal spirit. The heir of a great name and a learned race, having for his father Isaac Casaubon, for his uncle Henry Stephens, and for his great uncle Robert Stephens. Alas! what men! what prodigies of learning! what ornaments of their age! He having received his learning as by inheritance, descending from so many learned ancestors, improved it, and consecrated it to the ornament and increase of piety, which ever sat as queen in his breast. He also enriched the republic of letters with a manifold treasure of things and languages. He was a man, uncertain whether more famous for learning or piety, and most remarkable for his liberality to the poor, his communicative temper to his friends, his humanity and tenderness to all, and for his enduring the most exquisite tortures of a lingering distemper with all

Christian patience. This metropolitan church boasts in bestowing the dignity of first canonships on both the Casaubons, who held the same rank among the learned, as she does among the churches. Our Casaubon died the day preceding the ides of July, 1671, in the 75th year of his age, and the 46th of his canonship.

In St. Agnello, Naples, is a Latin Inscription, which in English runs thus:

Dear father, receive this monument as a small acknowledgment for all the valuable favours received from you. Had it been possible for me to have transformed myself into marble, you would have had no other tomb than my body; nor any other epitaph than this: "The grateful *Alexis* returns his father the being he received from him, and becomes his parent's sepulchre."

IN THE CHURCH OF OLD WINDSOR.

ON MRS. MARY ROBINSON.

BY MR. PRATT.

She died Dec. 26, 1800, aged 43 Years.

Of Beauty's isle, her daughters must declare,
She who sleeps here, was fairest of the fair.
But ah! while Nature on her fav'rite smil'd,
And Genius claim'd his share in Beauty's child;
E'en as they wove a garland for her brow,
Sorrow prepar'd a willowy wreath of woe:

Mix'd lurid nightshade with the buds of May,
And twin'd her darkest cypress with the bay:
In mildew tears steep'd every op'ning flower,
Prey'd on the sweets, and gave the canker power:
Yet, O may Pity's angel from the grave
This early victim of misfortune save!
And as she springs to everlasting morn,
May Glory's fadeless crown her soul adorn.

ON MOLIERE.

MOLIERE, on whom these lines were made, was taken ill while he was playing the part of a dead man on the stage, in one of his own comedies, was carried home, and died in a few hours. He was born, according to Bayle, about the year 1620. He went through his school learning under the Jesuits in Clermont college, and was designed for the bar; but after he had made an end of his study of the civil law, he pitched upon the profession of a comedian: wherein he succeeded, and wrote several exquisite plays. He died on the seventeenth of February, 1673.—The inscription, in English, is thus:

Within this melancholy tomb confin'd,
Here lies the matchless ape of human kind;
Who, while he labour'd, with ambitious strife,
To mimick death, as he had mimick'd life,
So well, or rather ill, perform'd his part,
That Death, delighted with his wond'rous art,
Snatch'd up the copy, to the grief of France,
And made it an original at once.

ON A MONUMENT

ERECTED TO HENRY HOARE, Esq.

AT STOURHEAD.

By William Hayley, Esq.

Ye who have view'd, in pleasure's choicest hour,
The earth embellish'd on these banks of Stour,
With grateful rev'rence to this marble lean,
Rais'd to the friendly founder of the scene.
Here, with pure love of smiling Nature warm'd,
This far-fam'd demi-paradise he form'd;
And, happier still, here learn'd from heaven to find
A sweeter Eden in a bounteous mind.
Thankful these fair and flowery paths he trod,
And priz'd them only as they lead to God.

IN NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

ON WILLIAM INGLOTT.

Here William Inglott, organist, doth rest,
Whose art in music this cathedral blest,
For descant most, for voluntary all,
He past on organ, song, and virginall.
He left this life at age of sixty-seven,
And now 'mongst angels all sings St. in heaven.
His fame flies far; his name shall never die;
See Art and Age here crown his memorie.
Non digitis, Inglotte, tuis terrestriæ tangis,
Tangis nunc digitis organæ celsæ poli.
Anno Dom. 1621.

Buried the last day of December, 1621.

This erected the 15th day of June, 1622.

ON TWO SOLDIERS,

OF THE HANTS MILITIA.

THE following epitaph, written by the Reverend Mr. Davis, of Fareham, in Hampshire, is inscribed on a tomb-stone erected to the memory of two soldiers belonging to the North Hants militia, who were murdered by some foreigners in the Isle of Wight.

As o'er this tomb some sorrowing comrade stands,
And mourns our life, cut off by foreign hands;
As Fancy views the reeking blade around,
And life's warm current rushing from the wound;
Let him exclaim, with manly grief opprest,
"Here unoffending murder'd victims rest!"
Oh! may our fate, in warning accents, show
What mischiefs from ungovern'd passions flow.

ST. ANDREW'S HOLBORN—NEW BURYING-GROUND.

ON THE REV. JOHN BLUCK.

Who died March 2, 1762, *Æ.* 33.

WHILE o'er this modest stone Religion weeps,
Beneath, a gen'rous, cheerful Christian sleeps;
Rests from the teacher's charge, the scholar's part;
Labours of love, and virtues of the heart:
Who own'd, observant still of Truth's fair bays,
No other guide, nor wish'd for other praise:
Who, friend to man, and foe to vice alone,
Liv'd for our bliss, and died to crown his own.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

By Richard Savage, Esq.

Clos'd are those eyes that beam'd seraphic fire,
Cold is that breast which gave the world desire;
Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd:
And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Cou'd modest Knowledge, fair, untrifling youth,
Persuasive Reason, and endearing Truth;
Cou'd Honour, shown in Friendships most refin'd,
And Sense, that shields th' attempted virtuous mind;
The social Temper, never known to strife,
The height'ning Graces that embellish life;
Cou'd these have e'er the darts of Death defy'd,
Never—ah! never had *Melinda* dy'd!
Nor can she die—E'en now survives her name,
Immortaliz'd by Friendship, Love, and Fame.

BARKING, ESSEX.

ON THOMAS HUMPHREY,

Ob. February 17, 1765, *Æ.* 75, *and*

SARAH HIS WIFE,

Ob. September 24, 1757, *Æ.* 63.

Enough, cold stone, suffice their long-lov'd name;
Words are too weak to pay their virtue's claim.
Temples, and tombs, and towers shall waste away,
And Power's vain pomp in mould'ring dust decay;
But ere mankind do better parents see,
Eternity, O Time! shall bury thee.

HENRY MARTEN,

Lived to the advanced age of seventy-eight, and died by a stroke of apoplexy, which seized him while at dinner, in the twentieth year of his confinement.* He was buried in the chancel of the parish church at CHEPSTOW. His Epitaph, composed by himself, is in these words:—

Here
September the 9th, in the year of our Lord 1680,
Was buryed a true Englishman;
Who in Barkshire was well known
To love his country's freedom, 'bove his own:
But living immured full twenty year,
Had time to write, as doth appear,
His epitaph.

H ere or elsewhere (all's one to you, to me)
E arth, air, or water, gripes my ghostless dust.
N one knows how soon to be by fire sett free.
R eader, if you an oft tryed rule will trust,
Y ou'll gladly do, and suffer what you must.

M y life was spent with serving you, and you,
A nd death's my pay (it seems) and welcome too.
R evenge destroying but itself, while I
T o birds of prey leave my old cage, and fly.
E xamples preach to th' eye, care then (mine says)
N ot how you end, but how you spend your dayes.

* He was one of the regicides in the time of Charles the First, and was found guilty, but his enmity to Cromwell, and surrender on the proclamation, were justly urged by his friends as motive for pardon; which he obtained, on condition of perpetual imprisonment. He was first confined in the Tower; but soon removed to the Castle of Chepstow, at which place he died.

Inscribed on a Pillar lately erected in the midst of a heap of stones, on the side of the highway in the North of England. By the Lord of the Manor.

STAY, Traveller, stay, and peruse a sad story;
For here I am set, as a *Memento Mori;*
To give the world notice, that under these stones,
Here lie the remains of one William Jones;
Who made, if the tale be as true as 'tis old,
Too much haste (alas!) to get rid of a scold.
One night, as he under her discipline lay,
Atoning for crimes of the foregoing day,
An unfortunate thought came into his head
To make his escape: so he rush'd out of bed,
And ran with all speed to the brink of yon delph,
From whence, leaping headlong, he brained himself.
This was, without question, his own act and deed,
And yet in their censures all are not agreed.
The law, it condemn'd him, you see here: but still
Some people applaud him: because, say they, Will
Chose rather to lie, for avoiding of strife,
Alone in a grave, than in bed with his wife:
Whilst others entitle him fool for his pains,
In dashing out's own, instead of her brains.

DUNDALK, IN IRELAND.

ON ROBERT MOORE.

HERE lies the body of Robert Moore,
What signifys more words?
Who kill'd himself by eating of cur :
But if he had been rul'd by Sarah his wife,
He might have liv'd all the days of his life.

ST. FLAVIAN'S, BY MOUNT FIASCONE.

EST. EST. EST. PPR. NIUM. EST. HIC.
JO. DE. FLEC. D. MEUS. MORTUS. EST.

THIS is on the tomb of a German prelate, who was no enemy to the bottle; for in travelling it appears he always sent his steward forward to taste the wines of the several inns upon the road: if tolerably *good* the *major-domo* was to chalk upon the door, in capitals, the Latin word *est* (it is); if very good he was to write *est, est,* and the bishop had ever full reason to be content with his steward's superlative taste. Being arrived at *Monte Fiascone,* the steward found the Muscadel wine so delicious, that he did not scruple to triple the *est,* and the bishop so coincided in his taster's opinion, that, from an inordinate devotion to it, he died in a few days. He bequeathed 10,000 crowns to the hospital there, on condition that on Whitsunday they should annually give, to all persons who might come for it, as much Muscadel wine and bread as they could eat and drink at a meal. There is a handsome monument, with a figure of the bishop, in his pontifical vestments, mitre, crosier, &c. and on each side of his effigies there are two escutcheons—and as many *drinking glasses!*

ON A YOUNG STUDENT IN OXFORD.

SHORT was thy life,
Yet livest thou ever;
Death hath his due,
Yet dyest thou never.

IN HADLEIGH CHURCH, SUFFOLK.

To free me from domestic strife,
Death call'd at my house—but he spoke with my wife.
Susan, wife of David Patison, lies here,
October the 19th, 1706.
Stop, Reader! and if not in a hurry, shed a tear.

ON HENRY SMYTH, Esq.

Commonly known by the name of Dog Smyth.

In Wandsworth church is an inscription to the memory of Henry Smyth, Esq. a senator (i. e. alderman) of London, who died January 3d, 1627, aged 79 years; who, while living, gave to the following towns in Surry (his native county) the sum of £. 1000 each, for the relief and setting the poor to work :—

Croydon, Kingston, Guildford, Darking, and Farnham. And at his death, for the same charitable purpose, gave to Richmond and Ryegate £. 1000 each; to Wandsworth, the place of his birth, £. 500. To redeem captives and prisoners from the Turkish tyranny £. 1000, with the greatest part of his estate to different parishes in the same county, Mitcham excepted, the reason of its exclusion seems to have been, that he was whipt in that town as a vagrant, by which it would appear that his parents were but of low and mean origin. By his habitation in *Silver Street, London*, many have thought him of that *profession*; but by an inscription in Great Bookham Church-Yard, Surry, he is called citizen and salter of

London. He appears to have been extremely covetous, and to have obtained the nick-name of *Dog Smyth*, because he kept no table, but dined at friends' houses, which he never quitted without begging a bit for his dog. For a more particular account of this singular character, see Aubrey's Surry, and Dale's Hist. of Harwich.

BAKEWELL CHURCH YARD,

~~DEVONSHIRE.~~ Derbyshire

KNOW, Posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the year of Grace 1757, the rambling remains of John Dale were, in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives.

THIS thing, in life, will raise some jealousy;
Here all three lie together lovingly:
But from embraces, here no pleasure flows,
Alike are here all human joys and woes.
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears;
A period's come to all their toilsome lives,
The good man's quiet,—still are both his wives.

Translation of an Epitaph in the Church of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate

BELOW an husband and a wife are laid,
One flesh when living, and one dust now dead.
A sister's ashes mingle in the urn,
And thus three bodies to one dust return;
But Thou, O Three in One, Almighty Pow'r,
From this one dust, three bodies wilt restore.

HOOF DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.

To the Memory of

ROBERT STERLIN, SKIPPER.

THE world's tempest'ous sea while I did plow,
My anchor hope; the word my compass too:
Blest faith my helm; the wind to fill my sails
The holy spirit, with its blessed gales;
North-star, thou Christ alone; I steer'd to thee,
Thou still wast in mine heart and in mine eye;
In heav'n, above, my safest port; whence I
Despise and scorn all earth's uncertainty.

ON A DWARF.

IN the palace of *Cardinal Alessandro Albani*, near the *Quatro Fontane*, at *Rome*, is the following singular inscription (in Latin) to the memory of an adroit and comical Phrygian Dwarf, of the name of *Hector*, in the service of *Domitilla*, wife to *Vespasian*:—

Ye worshippers of *Cybele*, and you who mourn *Atys*, for a while suspend your orgies, and weep over my ashes.—Here I lie, Hector, the little heir of a great name. I could ride, wrestle, and joke.—Thanks to thee, *Domitilla*, who hast buried thy small servant under so large a monument.

ON MASTER BURBRIDGE,

THE TRAGEDIAN.

EXIT Burbridge.

The following Epitaph was composed for JACOB FREEMAN, *who was buried in the Cloister-yard of the Cathedral of Norwich, where he used to lie on a hill and sleep, with his head on a stone. This old man was very hardly used by the Committee in those times, for lying in the Cathedral and in the Church Porches, where he used to repeat the Common Prayer to the people in spite of their ill treatment, he being often sent to bridewell and whipt for it. He died during the usurpation of O. Cromwell,* 1630.

HERE in this homely cabinet,
Resteth a poor old anchoret;
Upon the ground he lay all weathers,
Not as most men, goose like, on feathers.
For so indeed it came to pass,
The Lord of Lords his Landlord was.
He liv'd, instead of wainscot rooms,
Like the possess'd, amongst the tombs;
As by some spirit thither led,
To be acquainted with the dead.
Each morning from his bed so hallow'd,
He rose, took up his cross, and follow'd;
To every porch he did repair,
To vent himself in Common Prayer;
Wherein he was alone devout,
When preaching justled praying out;
In such procession through the city,
Maugre the devil and committee,
He daily went, for which he fell,
Not into Jacob's, but Bridewell,
Where you might see his loyal back,
Red letter'd like an Almanack;

Or I may rather else aver,
Dominick't like a Calender;
And him triumphing at that harm,
Having nought else to keep it warm;
With Paul he always pray'd, no wonder,
The lash did keep his flesh still under;
Yet whipcord seem'd to lose its sting,
When for the church or for the king;
High loyalty in such a dearth
Could baffle torments with mean earth,
And tho' such sufferings he did pass,
In spite of bonds still *Freeman* was:
'Tis well his pate was weather proof,
The palace like, it had no roof;
The hair was off, and 'twas the fashion,
The crown being under sequestration;
Tho' bald as Time, and Mendicant,
No Friar yet, but Protestant.
His head each morning and each even'
Was water'd with the dew of heaven:
He lodg'd alike, dead and alive,
As one that did his grave survive;
For he is now, tho' he be dead,
But in a manner put to bed;
His cabin being above ground yet,
Under a thin turf coverlet;
Pity he in no porch did lay,
That did in porches so much pray;
Yet let him have this epitaph,
Here sleeps old Jacob, stone, and staff.

His last debt is paid—poor Tom's no more,
Last debt!—Tom never paid a debt before.

INSCRIPTION ON A TOMB-STONE,

IN ANSTY CHURCH-YARD.

MARY BEST lies buried here,
Her age it was just ninety year:
Twenty-eight she liv'd a single life,
And only four years was a wife;
She liv'd a widow fifty-eight,
And died January 11th, eighty-eight.

NEW CHURCH, AMSTERDAM.

EFFEN UYT.

THESE Flemish words are on a very ancient funeral monument of whitish marble, on which is also engraved a pair of slippers of a very singular kind.—EFFEN UYT means EXACTLY. The story is, that a MAN, tolerably rich, and who dearly loved good eating, took it into his head that he was only to live a certain number of years, and no longer. In this whimsey he counted that, if he spent so much a year, his estate and his life would expire together. It happened that he was not deceived in either of these computations, for he died precisely at the time he had prescribed to himself, and had then so far exhausted his fortune, that, after paying his debts, he had nothing left but a *pair of slippers*. His relations buried him creditably, and caused the slippers to be carved on his tomb, with the above mentioned laconic words.

ON AN IMPORTUNATE TAILOR.

HERE lies W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

IN BIDEFORD CHURCH, DEVON.

IF to have been an eminently good and useful man in his place and time, be a just claim to perpetual remembrance, the subject of the following epitaph was peculiarly entitled to this frail kind of immortality.

He was born at Bideford, of a very respectable and ancient family. In his youth he experienced some very remarkable deliverances from imminent dangers, which seemed to indicate him born for the good of his fellow creatures. He fell, at one time, from a craggy precipice, of a tremendous height, without hurt; and another time, an arrow struck him forcibly on the forehead, without any other consequence than leaving a mark, which remained to his death.

Though he carried on a very extensive foreign trade, and had many ships on the sea at once, it was remarked that he never lost one.

The plague breaking out in the town, in the year 1646, the mayor ran away, and Mr. Strange, with amazing boldness and philanthropy, took the critical office on himself, to the great comfort of the inhabitants, in their grievous distress. He visited every infected house, took care to supply the needy with food and physic, and saw the dead buried with decency. When thus, by his prudent management,

the town was cleared of this dreadful enemy, Mr. Strange fell the last victim to its rage.

The following epitaph is engraved on a fair monument, beneath the bust of this excellent man, who appears to have been the Howard of his day.

Sacred to the Memory of

MR. JOHN STRANGE,

Some time merchant of this town, whose sweetness of disposition, affability in discourse, courteousness in carriage, uprightness in commerce, fidelity in magistracy, largeness of heart, and liberality of hand to the needy, bountifulness in hospitality, humility in the flow, equability in the ebb, of outward things, and sincere love to God, his Gospel, and Saints; having lived beloved, and deservedly honoured, after the pilgrimage of fifty-six years ended, died, and, not without great cause, much lamented, August, Anno Dom. 1646, in his fourth and fatal mayoralty: whose better part returning whence it came, he left unto the world the pretious odour of a good name, and the choyce example of a sweet conversation, together with his earthly tabernacle, put off, and hereby interred, till, being refined, and raised a glorious bodie, the more glorious soul returns to take possession of it, and both be rapt up to enjoy that bliss that knows neither tearme nor tedium.

J. N. 1678.

Seek not to learn who underneath doth lie.
Learn something more important;—learn to die.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE HON. EDWARD JAMES ELIOT.

WEEP'ST thou, vain Muse, when blood-stain'd chiefs expire?
Mourn'st thou when purple tyrants quit the earth?
Nor wakes thy fond regret, nor breathes thy lyre
One pensive strain to mild departed worth?
Yes—Friendship's sigh, and Virtue's artless tear,
Eliot, on thy untimely fate attend;
With heartfelt sympathy, with grief sincere,
Like them, the Muse shall mourn for Virtue's friend.
But, ah! what verse can paint the genuine grace,
The modest dignity, unform'd by art;
The soft complaisance that illum'd thy face,
And flow'd spontaneous from thy gentle heart?
That face, which still express'd, in manhood's prime,
The native candour of ingenuous youth;
That faithful heart, which, unsubdu'd by time,
Still fondly cherish'd pure, unshaken truth.
Hence, tyrant Death! nor boast thy baleful pow'r,
To rend the sacred bands of virtuous love;
His *Harriet* lost, his soul, from that sad hour,
Dwelt with her spirit in the realms above.
Blest pair!—no more, ye friends, ye parents, weep!
Let brighter thoughts your sorrowing minds employ:
Trust the prophetic Muse, "*They do not sleep:*"
Unsullied Virtue claims immortal joy.

HERE lies the man whose horse did gaine
The bell, in race, on Salisbury plaine.
Reader, I know not whether needs it,
You or your horse rather to read it.

TUNBRIDGE.

ANNE ELLIOT.

Born 16th Nov. 1743.—Died 30th May, 1769.

Of matchless form, adorn'd with wit refin'd,
A feeling heart, and an enlighten'd mind;
Of softest manners, beauty's rarest bloom;
Here Elliot lies, and moulders in her tomb.
O, blest with genius! early snatch'd away!
The Muse, that joyful mark'd thy op'ning ray,
Now, sad reverse, attends thy mournful bier,
And o'er thy relics sheds the gushing tear!
Here Fancy oft the hallow'd mould shall tread,
Recal thee living, and lament thee dead;
Here Friendship oft shall sigh, till life be o'er,
And Death shall bid thy image charm no more!

ON MR. JOHN MOLE,

Who died at Worcester.

Beneath this cold stone lies a son of the Earth;
His story is short, though we date from his birth;
His mind was as gross as his body was big;
He drank like a fish, and he ate like a pig.
No cares of religion, of wedlock, or state,
Did e'er, for a moment, encumber John's pate:
He sat, or he walk'd, but his walk was but creeping,
And he rose from his bed—when quite tir'd of sleeping.
Without foe, without friend, unnotic'd he died;
Not a single soul laugh'd, not a single soul cried.
Like his *four-footed* namesake, he dearly lov'd earth,
So the sexton has cover'd his body with turf.

AT ST. PETER'S, IN THE ISLE OF THANET.

ON A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

By Mr. Smart.

WAS rhet'ric on the lips of Sorrow hung,
Or could Affliction lend the heart a tongue,
Then should my soul, in noble anguish free,
Do glorious justice to her grief and thee.
But, ah! when loaded with a weight of woe,
E'en Nature, blessed Nature, is our foe.
When we should praise, we sympathetic groan,
For sad mortality is all our own.
Yet, but a word; as lowly as he lies,
He spurns all empires, and asserts the skies.
Blush, Power! he had no int'rest here below;
Blush, Malice! that he died without a foe;
The universal friend, so form'd t'engage,
Was far too precious for the world and age.
Years were deny'd, for (such his worth and truth)
Kind Heav'n has call'd him to eternal youth.

ON MR. WALMESLEY.

Who died Oct. 30, 1791.

O! THAT my numbers like my tears could flow,
To paint thy worth, transcendent as my woe!
Then should thy name to future times descend,
The *widow's refuge*, and the *orphan's friend.*
Where opens now the hospitable door?
Where can it open? Walmesley is no more!"

ON OLD HOBSON,

THE CAMBRIDGE CARRIER,

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the plague.

BY MILTON.

HERE lies old Hobson! Death has broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him between *Cambridge* and the *Bull*;
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain,
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
HOBSON *has supt, and's newly gone to bed.*

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

ALSO BY MILTON.

HERE lieth one, who did most fully prove
That he could never die while he could move.
So hung his destiny never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.

Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old Truth) motion number'd out his time:
And, like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principle being ceas'd, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd.
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning-bed outstretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd;
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down, to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burthensome,
That e'en to his last breath (there be that say't)
As he were prest to death, he cried more weight;
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet, (strange to think) his wane was his increase;
His letters are deliver'd all, and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

ON THE SAME.

Hobson, (what's out of sight is out of mind)
Is gone, and left his letters here behind;
He that with so much paper us'd to meet,
Is now, alas! content to take one sheet.

ON A PETIT-MAITRE.

By fashion led, I spent my life at ease,
Too gay to let a serious thought displease;
But died amaz'd, that death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of one who never thought of him.

ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

Did Fate but guide us through life's stormy clime
To plunge forgotten in the tide of time,
Well might the wise, the good, the gen'rous, come
To mourn their loss, o'er Powlett's hallow'd tomb;
To join the widow's tears, the orphan's cry,
That Virtue in her mortal part should die.
But, lo! a form serene in yonder rock,
Whose deep foundations thunder with the shock
Of restless waves;—'tis Faith, who points on high
A path gleaming through the azure sky!
While smiling Hope, by Revelation led,
Springs from the gloomy mansions of the dead,
Her glad companion to a brighter shore,
Where pain consumes the bud of health no more.
Pure spirit! call'd at length, by Heav'n, to know
That bliss thy patient virtue earn'd below;
To wear the blooming wreath on those bestow'd,
Who use aright the talents of their God:
Thy life (how far beyond the preacher's art,
Of power to touch the unbelieving heart!)
Shall yet, though past, our bright example shine;
And who can err whose deeds resemble thine?
Thy death,—our future consolation prove,
And teach to meet thee in the realms above.

CHRIST CHURCH, LONDON.

Time's Triumph on the Death of

MR. ROBERT ROGERS,

Who died in the year 1601, *in a dialogue between* TIME, DEATH, and ROGERS.

DEATH.

STAND; fairly encountred both; grave, sovereigne TIME,
Born of eternity, age's father,
Prince of all Power! all pow'rs on earth are thine;
Thou doest my ruines truest records gather;
Lend thy consent, thy helping hand to mine;
And DEATH will make Time's sovereignty as great
As the three sisters, ladies of sterne Fate.

TIME.

Impartial DEATH, honours respectlesse foe,
Grimme, meager caytiffe, wherefore dost thou come?
Must Virtue's children to thy slaughter goe,
In thy blood-yawning cell to find a roome?
Can none but they quench thy bloody thirst?

DEATH.

No.
ROGERS I come for: TIME thou canst not save him;
This dart must strike him, and grim Death will have him.

ROGERS.

DEATH, wellcome; all by thee I know must end;
Nor do I care for longer life than this;
I thanke thee, thou hast staid so long, kind friend,
Sweete TIME be PATIENT, pardon mine amisse,
If I have time mispent; alas, we all offend:

If, said I; yes, 'tis certaine, sure I have;
For which offence, deare TIME, I pardon crave.

TIME.

DEATH, grant me this (sweet) doe not kill him,
Till I returne but from the destinies.

DEATH.

I cannot stay a moment.

ROGERS.

O! will him,
Grave TIME, to strike me then, I DEATH despise.

DEATH.

There lie thou dead.

TIME.

Thou canst not spill him:
Time shall erect a trophy of such fame,
That while *Time* lives, dye shall not *Rogers'* name.

TIME'S EPITAPH.

Give me an adamantine pen, and leafe of brasse,
To character his name, whose like nere was.
A single life he led, loving to all,
The poor man's succour, the relief of thrall:
Vertue's example, guide to eternal life,
In carriage courteous, all devoid of strife,
Here lyeth he interr'd, *Rogers* his name,
Time's only sonne, eterniz'd by Fame.
Ougly Detraction flye, and black Oblivion hence;
Whilst ROGERS' dust lyes here, TIME will his fame
commence.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. STEWART.

How sleeps the wife, who sinks to rest,
By husband, friend, and children blest!
Connubial love, a matron mild,
And innocence, a smiling child,
And Honour, Truth, and Grief sincere,
There all attend her hallow'd bier.
And Memory, in time to come,
Shall oft revisit Anna's tomb,
With Fancy's aid, again retrace
Her fond, maternal, anxious face;
Then ev'ry sweetest flow'r entwine,
To deck beloved Anna's shrine.

ON THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, A. M.

Precentor of York.

The Muess, struck with horror and despair,
Mourn their lov'd Mason, number'd with the dead,
And, frantic, pluck the laurel from their hair,
Placing the baleful cypress in its stead:
Mistaken Nine, your causeless grief restrain,
Suppress each needless tear, each useless sigh,
Nor, void of hope, continue to complain,
For know, your fav'rite Bard can never die,
The brazen monument, the marble bust,
Through length of time will moulder and decay,
The mortal frame return once more to dust,
"The spirit, freed, enjoy eternal day."

ON VOLTAIRE.

HERE lies "the mighty chief, the fam'd VOLTAIRE,
The Gallic God of literary war,"
Who stalk'd for sixty summers o'er the field,
With gall-dipp'd spear, and made each foe to yield,
Till *Genius Candour* met: a chief they chose,
By Pallas arm'd, this giant to oppose.
Her spear a quill, from eagle's wing pluck'd forth,
Her shield was modesty, her helmet worth;
Beneath her arm the mighty giant died,
Who wit, and sense, and virtue, had defied.

ON MRS. YATES,

THE CELEBRATED ACTRESS.

Too much the lesson of the poet's page,
That man but "frets his hour upon the stage:"
Alas! behold this monumental stone,
Which tells us YATES's "occupation's gone!"
Shall *she*, whose powers the passions could control,
And with feign'd terrors "harrow up the soul;"
Anon could steal into the soften'd heart,
And wake the sigh, "by her so potent art;"
Shall *she*, unwept, descend into the grave?
No.—Grief is pious, though it cannot save.
Painful remembrance! let me offer here
The grateful tribute of an artless tear!
What tho' she mock'd grim Death in pageant shew,
And fed the transports of unreal woe;
No more our fancy 'wails the tragic Queen,
For Heaven has *verified* the DYING SCENE.

ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.

BANCROFT'S

Monument in this Church is of a square form, and has the following inscription:

"The ground, whereon this tomb stands, was purchased of this parish in the year 1723, by Francis Bancroft, Esq. for the interment of himself and friends only, (and was confirmed to him by a faculty from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, London, the same year) and in his life time he erected this tomb, anno 1726, and settled part of his estate in London and Middlesex for beautifying and keeping the same in repair for ever."

This monument, which was erected a little before Bancroft's death, has an entrance at the west end, with folding wainscot doors, and a large pain of glass in each, through which to see his coffin and bowel box. Bancroft, likewise by will, ordered the "lid of his coffin to be fixed thereon only with strong hinges, for the ready opening the same." It is supposed that he intended his corps should be as often viewed, by the committee of the Drapers' Company, as they visit his tomb, which they have done several times. The vulgar also report that a spring lock was made to fasten the coffin lid, the key of which was hung on a nail within the coffin, for the purpose of Bancroft's letting himself out after the expiration of a certain time, which he prophecied for his resurrection from the grave.

As the reader may be desirous of knowing something more of this extraordinary person, it is neces-

sary to inform him that Francis Bancroft was for many years one of the Lord Mayor's Officers of the City of London, who, in the execution of his office, by information, and summoning the citizens upon the most trifling occasions, and for many things not belonging to his office; not only pillaged the poor, but likewise many of the rich, who, rather than lose time in appearing before the magistrate, gave money to get rid of this common pest of the citizens; by which, together with his numerous quarterages from brokers, &c. he annually amassed a considerable sum.

But by these and other mercenary practices, he so effectually incurred the hatred and ill will of the citizens of all denominations, that the persons who attended his funeral obsequies, with great difficulty saved his corpse from being justled off the bearers' shoulders in the church, by the enraged populace; who, seizing the bells, rang them for joy, at his unlamented death: a deportment heretofore unheard of even among the London rabble.

ON MRS. POLWHELE.

Could magic verse recal the fleeted breath,
The lyre, sweet warbling, charm the ear of death,
Thy husband, tuning his Orphean strain,
Might lure thee to the bower of love again.
But thou, chaste soul! for highest bliss design'd,
He knows, art present with the eternal mind.
Hence, doom'd to silence, sleeps his harp unstrung,
Controll'd each thought sublime, and mute his tongue,
Why join the sainted spirit to its clod?
Why sever the pure essence from its God?

BRODSWORTH, YORKSHIRE.

ON THE HON. MISS DRUMMOND,

By W. Mason.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace;
Grace, with that tenderness and sense combin'd
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines, the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charm to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace and died.
He weeps: O venerate the holy tear:
Faith lends her aid to ease Affliction's load;
The parent mourns the child upon the bier,
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

In the Church-yard of BISHOP'S CANNINGS, *in the county of Wilts.*

AT my right hand lies my son John,
As we did lay in bed;
And there do lay, till Christ do say
Come out ye dead.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Here lies HENRY PURCELL, Esq.
Who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place,
Where only his own harmony can be exceeded.
Obiit 21 die Novembris, Anno Ætatis suæ 37.
Anno. Dom. 1695.

BY W. A. WILLIS, M. D.

HERE rests a man, who ne'er could rest in life,
Plagu'd with a fickle Miss* and scolding wife:
Most men their senses five through life enjoy,
But his hard fate did these rare gifts destroy.
His hearing, seeing, tasting, feeling, smelling,
Were all offended in his earthly dwelling.
Scolding began with every rising day;
He saw himself Misfortune's cruel prey.
He felt the pangs of penury and scorn,
His conduct censur'd still from night to morn:
He tasted all the bitterness of woe,
From stubborn children and a currish frow;†
At last he caught a putrid fell disease,
Which, tho' a painful potion, gave him ease;
For now to senses five he bids defiance,
And with his Miss and wife disdains alliance?
A gracious God, in pity to his pains,
Has fix'd him happy in more peaceful plains
Where no rough clangor now disturbs his joy,
But peace and harmony his hours employ.

ON CHATTERTON.

HERE CHATTERTON has found a grave,
And pride must find the same;
What tho' the great and vaunting have
On monuments—a *name*.
Can marble render *clay* divine?
Green turf best fits the dead,
He only lives to after-time,
Whose writings shall be read.

* Misfortune. † His wife.

UPON A NOTORIOUS SHREW.

By her Husband.

We lived one and twenty yeare,
As man and wife together:
I could not stay her longer here,
Shee's gone I know not whether.
But did I know, I doe protest,
(I speake it not to flatter)
Of all the women in the world,
I sweare I'de nere come at her.
Her body is bestowed well,
This handsome grave doth hide her,
And sure her soul is not in hell,
The devill could ne'er abide her:
But I suppose shee's soared aloft,
For in the late great thunder,
Methought I heard her very voyce,
Rending the clowds assunder.

ON GEORGE BARNES, ESQ.

Who died March 14, 1780, *aged* 67 *years.*

Here humble Barnes, rejoin'd to kindred clay,
Sleeps but to wake in Heaven's eternal day,
Manners so simple, morals so refin'd,
Such warm affections, with so meek a mind,
Faith so well founded, Hope by Joy confest,
And Charity by Bounty so exprest;
Through life attendant to his latest breath,
Forc'd Truth with tears to tell it at his death.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH, LONDON.

ON THOMAS KNOLLES AND HIS WIFE.

THOMAS KNOLLES lieth under this stone,
And his wife ISABELL: flesh and bone
They were together nineteen year,
And ten children they had in fear.
His fader and he to this church
Many good deeds they did worch.
Example by him may ye see,
That this world is but vanity;
For whither he be small or great,
All shall turn to worms-meat;
This said THOMAS was lay'd on beere,
The eighth day the month Fevrer,
The date of Jesu Christ truly,
Anno MCCCC. five and forty.
We may not pray; heartily pray ye
For our souls, *Pater-noster* and *Ave*.
The swarer of our pains lissed to be,
Grant us thy holy trinity. Amen.

ON THE SON OF THE ABOVE.

Here lieth graven under this stone,
THOMAS KNOLLES, both flesh and bone.
Grocer and alderman years fortye,
Sheriff, and twice maior trulye.
And for that he should not lye alone,
Hear's with him his good wife Joane.
They were together sixty year,
And 19 children they had in fear.

ON

KATHERINE PRYCE HUMPHREY'S,

Who died at LUDLOW, *Dec.* 6, 1790.

PEACE to thy ashes, sweetly-smiling maid!
Fled are thy beauties where they ne'er shall fade;
See where the hallow'd choir their sister greet,
And lead the stranger to her star-clad seat;
"All hail, pure spirit!—Life's short voyage o'er,
Safe thou reposest on this placid shore.
No flowing tears shall quench that radiant eye,
No rising sorrows prompt the frequent sigh:
One, thy sweet office in this blest abode,
To view thy Saviour, and to hymn thy God."

FROM CAMDEN.

HERE lyeth RICHARD A PREENE,
One thousand, five hundred, eighty nine,
Of March xx. day;
And he that will dye after him—may.

ON A LITIGIOUS MAN.

HERE lyes a man who in his life
With every man had law and strife,
But now he's dead and lay'd in grave,
His bones no quiet rest can have,
For lay your eare unto this stone,
And you shall heare how every bone
Doth knock and beat against each other,
Pray for his soul's health gentle brother.

ON A PERSON WITH

A MOST VORACIOUS APPETITE

Otho, entomb'd within this glebe so hallow'd,
Had in his life-time many acres swallow'd;
But in return to this voracious limb,
The earth in justice now has swallow'd him.

ON THE CELEBRATED RICHARDSON.

He falls! the matchless master of the heart,
Who search'd its depth with more than mortal art;
Whose words alone could all it feels express,
Whose skill gave laws to rule it, and to bless.
Now left forlorn, in hopeless grief to sigh,
It mourns that Richardson was born to die!

ON A PRIEST.

Friar Paul, in his cell, made his exit of late,
Of the gravel some say; but no matter for that;
He died! that's enough; and if story say right,
Arriv'd at Hell-gate in a pitiful plight.
"Who's there?" cries the Demon on guard. Quoth the other,
"A guilty poor priest, Sir, a Catholic brother."
"Halt, instantly halt," cried the sentry, "stand clear;
"Go be damn'd somewhere else, for you sha'nt enter here.
"We admit no such savage, no wretch so uncivil;
"Who above ate his God, may below eat the Devil."

MERTON, SURREY.

ON MRS. LACKINGTON.

Ladies, who chance to frisk this way,
With honest hearts and spirits gay,
A serious moment give to one,
Who sleeps beneath this earth and stone.
A better daughter never liv'd,
A better wife ne'er husband griev'd:
To her the claims of kindred dear,
The tender orphan would she rear;
Nor e'er did to the grave descend,
A more sincere and faithful friend:
Think on her virtues; heave a sigh,
That goodness such as hers should die!
And whether you be maid or wife,
Go imitate her former life;
And when to heaven you yield your breath,
May you, like her, have peace in death.

ON A PILLAR IN THE CATHEDRAL, ROCHESTER.

MR. THOMAS PENISTON.

Learning, worship, credit, patrimony,
Wit, wealth, alliance, wife, and progeny,
Servants and friends: all this (alas) had he,
Yet lyeth now in dust here, as you see,
And so doe thousands more, and so shall ye.
He did but follow those that went before,
And you shall follow him, and others more
Shall follow you; small difference in the matter,
But that some goe before, and some come after.

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

This Stone was erected, by her fellow-citizens, to the memory of

ELIZABETH ATKINSON,

An industrious woman. She died Jan. the 1st, 1786, aged 77 years.

PERIWINKS, periwinkle,
Was ever her cry;
She labour'd to live,
Poor and honest to die.
At the last day again,
How her old eyes will twinkle;
For no more will she cry,
Periwinks, periwinkle!

Ye rich, to virtuous want rejoicing give;
Ye poor, by her example learn to live.

ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Written by himself.

EVEN such is time, which takes in trust
Our youth and joyes, and all we have,
And payes us but with age and dust,
Which in the darke and silent grave,
When we have wandred all our wayes,
Shuts up the story of our dayes:
And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up I trust.

UPON COSIER, A COBLER.

COME, gentle reader, gentle friend,
And here behold poor COSIER's *end.*
Longer in length his life had gone
But that he had NO *last* so long;
O mighty Death! whose art can kill
The man that made *soles* at his will.

UPON A QUARRELLING COUPLE.

Hic jacet ille, qui centies & mille,
Did scold with his wife:
Cumillo jacet illa, quae communis in villa,
Did quittance his life.
His name was NICK, the which was sicke,
And that very malè:
Her name was NAN, which loved well a man,
So gentlemen, Valé.

IN THE CLOISTERS OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

ON JOHN CLARK,

One of the Fellows. Who died in 1541.

BENEATH this stone lies shut up in the dark,
A fellow and a priest, yclep'd *John Clark*:
With earthly rose-water he did delight ye,
But now he deals in heavenly *aqua-vitæ.*

CHESTERFIELD CHURCH, DERBYSHIRE.

ON EDWARD BURTON,

Attorney at Law, of Chesterfield. Died April 23, 1782, *aged* 54 *years.*

A TENDER husband, and a friend sincere,
Consign'd to earth, implores the silent tear.
Learn'd in the laws, he never warp'd their sense,
To shelter vice, or injure innocence;
But firm to truth, by no mean interest mov'd,
To all dispens'd that justice which he lov'd:
Virtue oppress'd he taught her rights to know;
And guilt detected fear'd the coming blow:
Thus humbly useful, and without offence,
He fill'd the circle mark'd by Providence;
In age compleating what his youth began,
"*The noblest work of God, an honest man.*"

ON SIR GEORGE NARES, KNT.

One of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, who died June 20*th*, 1786; *written by himself a few days before his decease.*

IN hope of future bliss content I lie,
Though pleas'd to live, yet not displeas'd to die.
Life has its comforts, and its sorrows too,
For both, to all-wise Heaven our thanks are due;
Else thoughtless man would fix his place of rest,
Where nature tells him he can ne'er be blest.
How far my hopes are vain, or founded well,
God only knows, but the last day will tell.

ON A LADY,

WHO DIED SUDDENLY.

HERE
Are the remains
Of R. A. B.
Of whom it were hard to say
Which excelled,
The wonderful symmetry, grace, and beauty,
Of her person, or
The capacity, dignity, and sweetness
Of her mind.
Alas, they are no more!
They were exotic,
Of heavenly extraction,
And would not long live here.

ON MR. EDMUND SOUTH,

An eminent Dancing Master, who died January 11th, 1784, aged 66 years.

WHERE thoughts of guilt invade the troubled breast,
The spirit's wounded, and farewel to rest.
But he—his life of innocence so led,
That peace in sickness made an easy bed.
Art thou an husband—to thy partner yield,
As he—love's tribute by affection seal'd.
Art thou a parent—to thy children shew
A love like his—a debt which parents owe.
Art thou a Christian—learn of him to blend,
Sound faith, good deeds, and manners to the end.

ON MRS. KENNEDY,

LATE OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

INURN'D, and mould'ring with her kindred dust,
Here merit sleeps, as all who triumph must!
Her melody subdu'd the varied throng,
She charm'd a list'ning empire with her song:
Warm'd by illusive hope, consum'd her days,
Cheer'd in her aims by universal praise.
When anguish smote, she kiss'd th' afflictive rod,
Rapt with her faith, and given to her God!
She bade the streams of human kindness flow;
Her sympathy embrac'd another's woe:
No document, unknown to virtue, taught;
No system, unattach'd to honour, sought:
Array'd her deeds by the behest of peace,
And made the bosom's little tumults cease:
The fev'ring vanities of life withstood,
And own'd no greatness unallied to good.

ALLBRIGHTON, SHROPSHIRE.

ON ANN GREEN,

Who died in 1762, *aged* 24.

BENEATH this stone now rests inshrin'd,
Alas! what once inclos'd the purest mind;
A virtuous soul, so free from every stain,
So try'd by fortune, and unmov'd by pain;
Without a groan with agonies she strove;
Heaven, wondering, snatch'd her to the joys above.

ON A SCHOOL MASTER.

READER! mark well thy accents, for thereby
Thou may'st the better note man's destiny;
Upon his birth we'll put an *asper*, then
On his most tender years we'll put a *lene:*
His youth and manhood an *acute* shall have,
Old age a *circumflex*, and death a *grave*.

ON ROBERT HUNTINGDON,

OF STANTON HARCOURT, ESQ.

AND ROBERT HIS SON.

By Congreve.

THIS peaceful tomb doth now contain
Father and son together laid;
Whose living virtues shall remain
When they and this are quite decay'd.
What man could be to ripeness grown,
And finish'd worth could do or shun,
At full was in the father shown,
What youth could promise in the son.
But Death obdurate both destroy'd
The perfect fruit and opening bud;
First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

ST. MARY SAVIOURS.

HERE lyes WILLIAM EMERSON,
Who liv'd and dy'd an honest man.

UPON A PURITANICAL LOCK-SMITH.

A ZEALOUS lock-smith dy'd of late,
And arriv'd at heaven's gate,
He stood without and would not knocke,
Because he meant to picke the locke.

ON JOHN WYNAL, ORGANIST.

MUSICIAN and logician eke,
WYNAL lo! JOHN lies here;
Who made the organs for to speak,
Just e'en as if it were.

ON THE HONOURABLE

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LESLIE.

LAID is the noble LESLIE in this grave,
Lamented, honour'd, by the good and brave.
No angry passion e'er disturb'd his soul,
The tender parent shone in his control;
Lov'd and respected by his faithful band,
For the mild words still mix'd with his command.
In fields of danger steady and serene,
He view'd with sorrow the ensanguin'd scene;
Grieving that fellow subjects should prefer
To prosperous ease and peace, a causeless war.
To pardon ready, and to punish slow,
He wish'd the sword to spare the rebel foe.
From whom his love of mercy wrested praise,
Which crown'd his valour with the brightest rays.
His body now return'd to parent dust,
His soul assembles with the good and just.

ON CHRISTOPHER KELLY BELLEW, Esq.

OF BATH.

While oft too partial, the sepulchral strain,
Flows a fond tribute to the great and vain,
Let Friendship's tear, the meed to Virtue pay,
Bellew! thy life shall justify the lay.
In liberal views, and letter'd ease refin'd,
True to his God, his country, and his kind:
With zeal he sought what moral stores supplied,
And found philosophy to faith allied;
And though untimely Death's dire mandate came,
When rich in knowledge, and when ripe for fame,
From life's lov'd scene submissive he retir'd,
And with a Christian's calmest hope expir'd.

UPON THE DUKE OF

RICHMOND AND LENOX.

Are all diseases dead, or will death say
He might not kill this prince the common way?
It was even thus, and time with death conspir'd,
To make his death as was his life admir'd.
The commons were not summoned now I see,
Meerley to make lawes, but to mourne for thee:
No lesse then all the bishops might suffice
To wait upon so great a sacrifice.
The court the altar was, the waiters peeres,
The mirrhe and frankincense great Ceasar's tears.
A funerall for greater pomp and state,
Nor time, nor death, could ever celebrate.

IN TETTENHALL CHURCH,

STAFFORDSHIRE.

HEERE lyes closyd in cley
The body of RICHARD WROTTYSLEY.
And also DOROTHY his wife,
Which lived together all their lyfe.
The year 1517 of our Lord
DOROTHY departed of this world;
And after, within short space,
RICHARD was lay'd in his place.
Here now our bodyes do lie;
On our souls Jhu have mercy.
We desire now every christen man
To pray for our soules that be gon.

ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL, NEAR HODDESDON.

ON CAPTAIN HENRY GRAVES.

Who died August 17, 1702, *aged* 52 *Years.*

HERE in one grave more than one *Grave* lies;
Envious Death at last hath gain'd his prize;
No pills or potions here could make Death tarry,
Resolv'd he was to fetch away old Harry;
Ye foolish doctors! could you all miscarry.
Great were his actions on the boist'rous waves:
Resistless seas could never conquer *Graves.*
Ah! *Colchester*, lament his overthrow!
Unhappily you lost him at a blow.
Each marine hero for him shed a tear,
St. Margarets, too, in this must have a share.

ON COWLEY, THE POET.

Written in Latin by himself, and translated by Addison.

From life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil discharg'd,
Here Cowley lies! beneath this shed,
To ev'ry worldly int'rest dead;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To fortune's goods a foe profest,
And hating wealth, by all carest.
'Tis true he's dead; for oh! how small
A spot of earth is now his all:
Oh! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away;
Bring flowers; the short-liv'd roses bring,
To life deceas'd, fit offering:
And sweets around the poet strow,
While yet with life his ashes glow.

IN ALL-HALLOWS, STAINING, LONDON.

Our *Holt* (alas!) hath stint his *hold*,
By Death call'd hence in haste,
Whose christian name being *Christopher*,
With *Christ* is better plac'd.
In *Saxton* born of gentle race,
In *London* spent his days,
A clerke that was in Custom House,
In credit many wayes.
So that altho' we feel the losse
Of this so dear a friend,
His life well spent while he was here,
Hath gain'd a better end.

ON DR. SCANDELLA.

Who died of an Epidemic Fever, at New York, which he caught from his Attendance on the Sick, at Philadelphia.

Clos'd are those eyes, alas! for ever clos'd,
Which beam'd so sweetly with expression mild,
With soft intelligence, and look compos'd,
Spoke the calm soul, untorn by passions wild.
Hush'd is the music of that voice, whose sound,
To converse eloquent gave added charms,
In icy fetters now for ever bound,
Harmonious accents! Death thy power disarms,
Oh! my lost friend, for *thee* my tears *will* flow!
Yet why lament? How nobly thou didst fall!
"Died he in battle?" cries the soldier. No;
No warrior proud! Benevolence was all
His glory, and *he* sought not to destroy
His suff'ring fellow creatures, but to save:
The rage of pestilence *he* strove t' alloy,
And snatch the panting victim from the grave.
He whisper'd comfort to the sinking soul,
Whose last faint accents bless his gen'rous aid.
Contagious sighs, around his heart they stole;
Quick through his frame their deadly influence spread,
And sudden hurl'd him (oh! untimely doom)
In pride of youth and virtue, to the tomb.

ON A MILLER.

Death, without warning, was as bold as briefe,
When he killed two in one, a miller and a thiefe.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS mournful hearse approach each weeping fair,
Your once-lov'd, dear LOUISA claims the tear.
In her shone beauty, youth, and wit combin'd,
A form angelic, with an angel-mind:
Ah! what avail'd youth, beauty, wit combin'd,
Her form angelic, and her angel-mind?
See the poor relics of this goodly store,
And youth, and wit, and beauty boast no more.

THOMAS ANDERSON,

OF GALES, NEAR RICHMOND, IN YORKSHIRE.

Departed this Life December 11th, 1752, aged 31.

STOP, Traveller!
I'VE pass'd—repass'd
The seas, and distant lands,
Can find no rest
But in my Saviour's hands.

The unfortunate person whose memory is here perpetuated, was shot for deserting from Sir John Ligonier's regiment of dragoons, at Shrewsbury. The above lines were inscribed on his tomb stone at his own particular desire.

OLNEY CHURCH-YARD, BUCKS.

CONFIDE not, reader, in thy youth and strength,
But more than both the present moment prize,
Graves here surround thee, of each breadth and length,
And thou may'st be *(perhaps)* the next that dies.

ST. GILES'S CHURCH, SALOP.

ON WILLIAM WHITE,

Quartermaster of Horse in the reign of King William the Third.

In Irish wars I fought for England's glory;
Let no man scoff at telling of this story:
I saw great Schomberg fall, likewise the brave St. Ruth,
And here I come to die, not there in my youth.
Through dangers great I have past many a storm:
Die we must all, as sure as we are born.

ELY CHURCH-YARD.

Reader! let other tomb-stones o'er this plain,
To please thy *taste*, poetic lines impart;
This humble monument shall seek to gain,
Shall hope to meliorate thy feeling heart.
Would'st thou enjoy eternity? Be wise;
Endure, with steady faith, the ills of fate,
Thus at the close of life, thy soul shall rise
To endless pleasures in a future state.
Hope not that rash and never-ceasing tears,
For expectation cross'd, thy God shall move;
But know, for patient christians he prepares
A crown of glory in the realms above.
Whilst all beneath this solemn yew-tree shade
Enforce the sentence "Life must shortly end!"
Oh! strive to gain the life that never fades,
And heed the whispers of thy clay-cold friend!

ON MISS KATHERINE JERVOISE.

Who died June 28, 1795, in the 15th year of her age.

ADIEU, sweet maid! thus early snatch'd away
From all that life with hopeful youth could give;
Kind Heaven itself denied a longer stay,
Than just to shew, in you, how we might live.
Though young, thy age, in Reason's scale mature,
Arriv'd to where but few can farther rise,
And yet remain'd in conscious virtue pure,
Without a taint of folly or of vice.
All that with safety this frail world can grant,
You tasted in domestic peace and love:
What man on earth could such an angel want?
What surer pledge of happiness above?

ON DR. LOWTH,

BISHOP OF LONDON.

If learning, genius, manners, void of guile,
The schoolman's labour, and the churchman's toil;
If brightest parts, devoted but to good,
A soul which ev'ry selfish view withstood;
If heavenly Charity's most winning charms,
And boundless Love, with ever outstretch'd arms;
If all the tender and domestic train
Of private Virtues, such as grace the plain,
If God's vicegerents, acting on that plan
Which most endears man's dignity to man,
E'er won thy heart—Lowth's sacred shrine survey,
And with a weeping world thy tearful tribute pay.

SWINBROOK CHURCH, NEAR BURFORD, OXFORDSHIRE.

ON SIR EDMUND FETTIPLACE, KNIGHT.

Who died June 30, 1613.

READ and record rare Edmund Fettiplace,
A knight right worthy of his rank and race;
Whose prudent manage in two happy reigns,
Whose public service, and whose private pains,
Whose zeal to God, and towards ill severity,
Whose temperance, whose justice, whose sincerity,
Whose native mildness towards great and small,
Whose faith and love to friend, wife, children all,
In life and death made him belov'd, and dear
To God and men, and ever famous here.
Blessed in soul, in body, goods, and name,
In plenteous plants by a most virtuous dame,
Who, with his heir, as to his worth still debtor,
Built him this tomb, and in their hearts a better.

ST. SAVIOURS, SOUTHWARK.

ON GARRARD, A GROCER.

SOME called him GARRET, but that was too high,
His name it was Garrard, that here doth lye:
Who in his youth was tost on many a wave,
But now, at port arriv'd, rests in his grave.
The church he did frequent, while he had breath,
And desir'd to lye therein after his death.
To heaven he is gone, the way before,
Where of Grocers there are many more.

AT BRANCASTER.

ON ROBERT SMITHE.

HERE lyethe, for all that please to see,
ROBERT SMITHE, dispos'd to great charitie.
A free-school he built, and two almes-houses of fame,
And entended to give lands to mayntain the same.
But sodaynlie he died in this town of Brancaster;
So the right of all was in ELIZABETHE his sister.
Which buildings for ever this godly matron did assure,
With fourscore and twelve acres land for the purpose to endure,
To the bringinge upp of youthe, and reliefe of the poore:
Let us praise thier proceedinge—God send the world more!
In June he died, that monthe the thirteen,
The eight and thirtie of ELIZABETH our Queene.
RICHARD STUBBS, RICHARD BUNTINGE, and JOHN READE,
To this end are infeoffed all in one deed;
The first of worship, the others of great honestie,
As any could be founde in all our countrie.

AMWELL, HERTS.

ON MR. THOMAS MONGER.

Who died August 1773, *aged* 64.

THAT which a being was, what is it? shew;
That being which it was, it is not now;—
To be what 'tis—is not to be, you see;
That which now is not, shall a being be.

ON WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D.

WITHIN, the relics of a churchman lie,
The good man's friend, and no man's enemy;
Learn'd, humble, pious, cheerful, mild; his breast
A mansion pure, by Charity possest.
To all benevolent, and less inclin'd
To serve himself, than benefit mankind:
To that he sacrific'd each worldly view,
For what his heart condemn'd he durst not do.
Though scant of wealth, rich in the truest sense,
Rich in a conscience void of all offence;
And to man's natural rights a friend sincere,
Or in a civil or religious sphere.
In him, as in a glass, the world might see
What teacher, husband, father, man, should be.
To truth a constant friend he liv'd and died;
Truth, in return, this epitaph supplied.

ON SHIRLEY FIELDING, ESQ.

PORTRAIT PAINTER,

Who died in great distress, at Lutterworth.

HERE, shelter'd now from want, from cold neglect,
Thy memory meets pity, meets respect;
'Twas thine to call, from blended colours, *thought*,
And animate with life the shadowy draught.
Ah! what avails it, that from noble blood,
With nobler talents grac'd thy virtues flowed;
Let wealth, let honour, other names adorn,
To rival *Nature's magic* thou wert born;
With gain, with grief, to struggle long was thine,
Yet pious *Friendship* still reveres thy shrine.

ON CADMAN.

Let this small monument record the name
Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim
How, by attempt to fly from this high spire
Across the Sabrine stream, he did acquire
His fatal end: 'twas not for want of skill
Or courage to perform the task, he fell;
No, no, a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
Hurried his soul on high, to take his flight,
Which bid the body here beneath good night.

The above inscription was placed on a monument to the memory of Cadman, who, after performing several exploits on a rope, fixed from the top of the spire of St. Mary's Church, *Shrewsbury*, to a tree on the other side the river Severn, such as firing pistols, beating drums, &c. &c. attempted to slide down across the river, but the rope failing, he fell in St. Mary's Fryars, and was dashed to pieces, February 2d, 1739, aged 28 years.

UPON JOHN DEATH.

Here lies John Death, the very same
That went away with a cousin of his name.

UPON ONE BLINDE AND DEAFE.

Here lies Dicky Freeman,
That could not heare or see man.

RIPPON CATHEDRAL.

Here lyeth
JOHN JAMES,

The old cook of Newby, who was a faithful servant to his master, and an upright, downright, honest man.

Banes among stanes
Do lie fou still,
While the soul wanders
E'en where God will.
1707.

ON JOHN ALLEYNE, B.D.

RECTOR OF LOUGHBOROUGH,

AND HIS WIFE AND SON,

Who died in the year 1739.

VAIN to the dead are tears, and vain is praise,
And vain each fond memorial we can raise:
So on the pyre Arabia's incense thrown,
Glads with its sweets the living scenes alone.
The friends we mourn with sacred love were fraught,
And truths divine with Christian zeal they taught.
Still may they teach, still from the grave impart,
Such truths as melt the eye, and mend the heart.
Oh! from the tomb, may holy musings rise,
And life's poor trifles, as they read, grow wise;
For friendship poureth not the plaintive strain,
Nor builds the hallow'd monuments in vain;
If the sad marble bids the living pause,
And vice one moment to reflection draws,

ON MISS STANLEY,

By Thomson.

HERE Stanley rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye to cheat a parent's grief;
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now, well-earn'd peace is thine and bliss sincere,
Our's be the lenient, not unpleasing tear.
O born to bloom! then sink beneath the storm,
To shew us Virtue in her fairest form;
To shew us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart.
Yes, we must follow soon; we'll glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away:
Tir'd with vain life, we'll close the willing eye;
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind to die.
Bless'd be the bark that wafts us to the shore,
Where death-divided friendship parts no more,
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

ON DR. WILLS,

WHO DIED AT VIENNA.

HERE lyeth willing WILLS,
With his head full of windmills.

ON A LADY,

WHO DIED IN A CONSUMPTION.

Nipp'd by the chilling hand of death,
A lovely flow'r here with'ring lies;
The mortal part is lodg'd beneath,
The spirit mounted to the skies.

For sure in man's superior race,
Some portion must survive the grave;
Else why for fame the restless chace
That prompts the good, the wise, the brave?

IN CAMBERWELL CHURCH-YARD.

MR. JAMES BLAKE,

Who sailed round the world with Captain Cook, as purser of one of the ships; died the 25th June, 1803, *aged* 67 *years.*

The boist'rous main I've travers'd o'er, new seas and lands explor'd,
But now at last am anchor'd fast, in peace and silence moor'd;
In hopes t' explore the realms of bliss, unknown to mortals here,
And haven in a heavenly port, Great God to praise and fear.

ON SPARGES, A MISER.

Here lyeth father Sparges,
That dyed to save charges.

ON PARKER,

Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1575.

Give thine, whilst thine they are, for when once dead
They then ar'nt thine, for you from them are fled:
Another owner now supplies thy place,
Who says 'tis his, not thine, as once it was.
Use time, and do much good, whilst time is thine,
In future ages then thy name will shine.

ON A YOUTH,

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

A tie to earth with thee, dear youth, is gone:
A tie to heav'n with thee, dear youth, is flown.
Oh! as a father lifts his streaming eyes
And views your home, the bright empyreal skies:
May fond reflection on his William's bliss,
Allure to brighter worlds, and wean from this,
To reach thy raptures be it all his care,
And all his pride to suffer and to bear.

CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF NORWICH.

Under this ston
Lyes John Knapton,
Who dyed just
The 28th of August.
M. D. XC. and one,
Of this church peti-canon.

Inscription on the Frontispiece of a Clock, in the Cathedral Church of Norwich, on which is painted the Sun and Moon, to whom the Clock seems to speak.

PHŒBUS I tell all the hours, and all as right
As thou, or thy pale sister; Day and Night,
Nor I, no more than you, in ought should err,
If he rul'd me, who guides you, and each star;
For time I rightly tell, if of his art,
My learned keeper, will his help impart.
What's the Day gone,
And no good done?
Alas! if so it be
The day is truly lost to thee.

MRS. ELIZA SMITH,

Who died 28th January, 1796, aged 50.

HERE flourish'd once, whilst heaven did life impart,
A soul seraphic, and the purest heart;
With learning, candour, a capacious mind,
Blest with discernment, and a taste refin'd;
Soft and engaging converse; and the while
A pleasing look and ever-winning smile.
Add each fair virtue, ev'ry grace full-blown,
Known to the world, but to herself unknown.
From Wisdom's sacred fount she early drew
Knowledge divine, and practis'd what she knew.
To all alike her friendly help display'd,
Where Pity prompted, Charity obey'd.
Such was her worth, whate'er was wanting here,
Is now completed in a happier sphere.

ON A YOUNG MAN,

Who died for Love.

FREE from this dream of life, this maze of care,
Here rests the lover and the friend sincere;
Alive respected, lov'd by all but *one*,
To him the same as tho' belov'd by none.
This dearer one by cruel slander strove
To wrong his fame as she had wrong'd his love.
From her, unkind reproaches wounded more
Than all the giddy turns of chance before.
Those arrows, piercing in a tender part,
Fresh wounds inflicted on a breaking heart.
Death saw what Love, his faithful slave, had done,
And kindly finish'd what the boy begun.

ST. SWITHIN'S CHURCH, NORWICH.

ON MATTHEW BRIDGES,

Who died in 1625.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, wrapped up in clay,
Lays here intomb'd until the Judgment day:
He liv'd in good estate, in faith he died,
And now we hope with Christ lives glorified.
As he is now, so shalt thou shortly be,
Death's Bridge is laid a passage next for thee.

ON LITTLE STEPHEN,

A NOTED FIDDLER, IN SUFFOLK.

Stephen and Time are now both even;
Stephen beat Time, now Time's beat *Stephen*.

ST. CHADS, SHREWSBURY.

Under the figure of a Pheasant, with two hands pointing upwards, is this inscription.

At this signe lived I,
God Bles the Knight and his Posterity.
Here lieth the body of a true penitent
And beleevinge soule.
Thus every man is born to dye
And leaves this world, and so do I.
PRICE, VINTNER.

MARSTON, OXFORDSHIRE.

ROBERT LODER,

Who died in the year 1768.

I would have my neighbours be all kind and mild,
Quiet and civil to my dear wife and child.

IN LAUDER CHURCH-YARD, SCOTLAND.

ON ALEXANDER THOMPSON.

Here lyes interr'd an honest man,
Who did this church-yard first lie in;
This monument shall make it known
That he was the first laid in this ground.
Of mason and of masonrie
He cutted stones right curiously.
To Heaven we hope that he is gone,
Where Christ is the chief corner-stone.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

THE happy soul hath left its fair abode:
How pale the cheek where warmth and beauty glow'd!
Where now those charms that held th' admiring sight?
The bloom as heav'n's unclouded azure bright;
Th' attractive smile by nature taught to please;
The mien that temper'd dignity with ease?
Ah where! yon solemn silent vault survey,
Where writhes the reptile o'er its kindred clay;
There read on pride's stain'd cheek the gen'ral doom;
Then pause:—while memory bleeds upon the tomb.
Perhaps while we th' untimely stroke bemoan,
She bends adoring at th' Eternal's throne;
While from our eye-balls burst the streams of woe,
Her happier soul can wonder why they flow;
Or smile, and pitying our mistaken sighs,
Can bless the hour that call'd her to the skies.
Yet must our sorrows stain thy mournful hier;
Such sweetness lost demands a tender tear.
Thine was the breast by conscious virtue warm'd,
The heart that pitied, and the look that charm'd;
The beam of wit from sparkling genius brought,
Its fire chastis'd by cool directing thought;
Superior sense, by passion ne'er betray'd,
The kindling transport, and the judging head;
The thought which art and candid taste refine;
The gen'rous wish; the feeling soul was thine.

ON A JUGGLER.

DEATH came to see thy tricks, and cut in twain
Thy thread, why didst not make it whole again.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

In vain our tears, lamented maid, are shed,
In vain with sighs we mourn thine early doom;
The pangs of woe can never reach the dead,
Or pierce the silent mansions of the tomb.

Yet, sacred shade, the tributary sigh
Which friendship pays, as due to thee, receive;
While 'tis the lot of worth like yours to die,
It must be nature's privilege to grieve.

Thy tender bosom is no longer warm,
Thy cheeks will glow with blushes now no more;
For death, alas! has triumph'd o'er a form
Design'd to conquer all the world before.

Hence mortals learn this truth by heav'n design'd,
How frail is life, how short the present state;
And know that all the virtues of the mind,
Can ne'er exempt us from the stroke of fate.

ON A SERVANT,

Who lived twenty years in one family.

Remember man, whoe'er thou art,
Not he who acts the *greatest* part,
But they who act the *best*, will be
The happiest men eternally.

ON MR. STONE.

Jerusalem's curse is not fulfill'd in me,
For here a stone upon a Stone you see.

ST. MARY, LOW-LAYTON.

If you will the truthe have,
Here lyeth in this grave,
Directly under this stone,
Good Lady Mary Kyngestone.
Who departed thys lyff, the truthe to say,
In the month of *August*, the twenty-first day.
And as I do well remember,
Was buried honourably the fourth day of *September*.
The yere of our Lord rekynd truely,
M V C forty and eighty varily;
Whose yerly obyte and anniversary
Is determined to be kept sure
At the cost of her son *Sir Henry Jerningham* truely,
Who was, at this makyng,
Of the queen's guard cheff capteyn.

ON THE REV. MR. THOMAS PRINCE,

Who died in 1757. *Aged* 74.

Who lies here? Reader, stay:
I, Thomas Prince, lie in clay—
And he that reads, think of me,
And of the glass that runs for thee.

CAULDON CHURCH, STAFFORDSHIRE.

Here lieth Margaret Manifold,
Aged seven times seven years old.
So does George Kent, her own dear father,
Lying in one grave together.
July 31, 1750.

AT FARLAM, NEAR NAWORTH CASTLE.

JOHN Bell broken bow
Ligs under this stean:
Foure of mine een sonnes
Laid it on my weam.
I was a man of my meat,
Master of my wife;
I lived on mine owne land
Without mickle strife.

ST. CHADS, SHREWSBURY.

ON THOMAS LYSTER, ESQ.

FFLESH and Blode as *Yow* are, so was *I;*
Dust and Asses as *I* am, soe shall *Yow* be.

ON A SLUGGARD.

Lo! here does lazy LAWRENCE lie,
Who, when he bade the world adieu,
Cried—"O, what bliss it is to die,
"For now, I've nothing more to do!"

THOMAS NICKS.

HERE lyeth THOM. NICKS' body,
Who lived a fool, and dyed a nody;
As for his soule, aske them that can tell
Whether fooles soules goe to heaven or hell.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MISS SUSAN MACDONALD,

Who died at LISBON, *where she went for the recovery of her health, March* 1803, *in the 22nd year of her age. She was the eldest daughter of the* RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ARCHIBALD MACDONALD, LORD CHIEF BARON OF ENGLAND.

LED, by paternal Love's protecting hand,
Where golden Tagus laves the Lusian strand,
In search of balmy health, we saw thee part,
While Hope spoke comfort to the doubting heart.
Vain were, alas! the promises she gave!
The blossom fell, and dropp'd into the grave!
Those airy forms* which erst thy hand portray'd,
Recal to Fancy's eye thy parted shade:
Taste shall thy early talents learn to mourn,
While sacred friendship marks thy distant urn.

ON MR. RAMSDEN, OF HALIFAX.

AFFLICTION'S daughters saw this flower decay,
And mourn'd the loss of fragrance, change of hue;
'Twas strange! in spite of care it pin'd away,
No art its head could rear, its bloom renew.

Affliction's daughters know, this flower decay'd,
And met no loss from death; beneath our skies
Not half its hues or fragrance were display'd;
By death it gain'd the bloom of Paradise.

* Alluding to some very elegant drawings found in her port-folio.

ON AN USURER.

Here lyes ten in the hundred,
In the ground fast ramm'd:
'Tis a hundred to ten
But his soule will be damn'd.

ANOTHER.

Here lyes he, underneath this stone,
That, whilst he lived, did good to none.
And therefore at the point to dye
More cause had some to laugh than cry.
His eldest sonne thought he had wrong,
Because he lingered out so long.
But now he's dead, how ere he fares
There's no one knows, nor none that cares.

Looke man before thee how thy death hasteth,
Looke man behind thee, how thy life wasteth;
Looke on thy right side, how death thee desireth,
Looke on thy left side, how sinne thee beguileth,
Looke man above thee, joyes that ever shall last,
Looke man beneath thee, the pains without rest.

Here lyeth Menalcas, as dead as a logge,
Who lived like a devill, and died like a dogge;
Here doth he lye said I? then say I lye,
For from this place he parted by-and-bye.
But here he made his descent into hell,
Without either booke, candle, or bell.

Intended to be placed on a Stone in the Church of Bromham, Wilts.

'Tis not the tomb in marble polish'd high,
The venal verse, or flattering titles nigh,
The classic leafning, on an impious stone,
Where Latin tells what *English* blush'd to own,
Shall shroud the guilty from the sight of God,
Incline his balance, or avert his rod;
His hand can raise the crippled and the poor,
Spread on the way, or fainting at the door;
And blast the villain, tho' to altars fled,
Who robb'd us living, and insults us dead.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Who died at Richmond, the 24th Day of March, 1602, in the 70th Year of her Age, and 45th of her Reign.

The Queene was brought by water to White-Hall,
At every stroake the oares tears let fall:
More clung about the barge: fish, under water,
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and swome blind after.
I thinke the bargemen might, with easier thighes,
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes.
For how so ere, thus much my thoughts have scan'd,
She'd come by water, had she come by land.

ANOTHER.

Spaine's rod, Rome's ruine, Netherland's relief,
Earth's joy, England's gemme, World's wonder,
Nature's chiefe.

ANOTHER.

Weepe greatest isle, and for thy mistresse death
Swim in a double sea of brakish water;
Weepe, little world, for great Elizabeth,
Daughter of warre; for Mars himself begot her;
Mother of peace; for she brought forth the later.
She was, and is, what can there more be said,
On earth the chief, in Heaven the second maide.

ANOTHER.

Kings, queenes, mens judgments, eyes,
See where your mirrour lyes:
In whome her friends hath seene
A King's state in a queene:
In whom her foes survey'd
A man's heart in a maid;
Whom least men for her piety
Should judge to have beene a diety.
Heaven since, by death, did summon,
To shew she was a woman.

ON A GREAT EATER.

A glutton renown'd
Lies under this ground,
Who for ever to eating was prone,
Before his last breath
He'd ee'n have eat death;
But there he found nothing but bone.

ON PRINCE HENRY,

Son of James I.

READER, wonder thinke it none,
Though I speake, and am a stone.
Here is shrinde coelestiall dust,
And i keepe it but in trust.
Should I not my treasure tell,
Wonder then you might as well,
How this stone could choose but breake,
If it had not learnt to speake.
Hence amaz'd, and aske not me,
Whose these sacred ashes be.
Purposely it is concealed,
For if that should be revealed,
All that reade would by and by
Melt themselves to teares and dy.

Within this marble casket lies
A matchlesse jewel of rich prize,
Whom nature in the world's disdain
But shewed, and then put up again.

ON THE SAME.

By Giles Fletcher.

IF wise, amaz'd! depart this holy grave,
Nor these new ashes ask what names they have;
The graver in concealing them was wise,
For, whoso knows, straight melts in tears, and dies.

IBID.

I have no vein in verse, but if I could
Distil on every word a pearl, I would.
Our sorrows pearl drops, not from pens, but eyes,
Whilst other Muses write, mine only cryes.

ON DR. SHERLOCK,

HERE lyes, within this holy place,
(The LORD have mercy on him!)
The *Weesel*, in a wooden case,
Exempt from human plagues, unless
You lay his wife beside him.

Some people think, if this were done,
Tho' dead, he would be ready
To rise before his time, and run
The LORD knows where, to shun
That termagant, his lady.

Since he is gone, 'tis hard that she
Should be so long deserted,
Why, Death, shouldst thou so partial be,
Since all good people do agree
'Tis pity they were parted?

Pray bid her, when she comes, not prate,
But hold her teazing nonsense:
For if the *Weesel* smell a rat,
He'll fly his wife, I'll tell you that,
As he did once his conscience.

ON THOMAS STRONG, ESQ.

IN action prudent, and in word sincere,
In friendship faithful, and in honour clear;
Thro' life's vain scenes, the same in every part,
A steady judgment, and an honest heart.
Thou vaunt'st no honours—all thy boast, a mind
As infants guiltless, and as angels kind.

HERE cool the *ashes* of
MULCIBER GRIM,
Late of this Parish, Blacksmith.
He was born in *Sea-coal* Lane,
And bred at Hammersmith.
From his youth up he was much addicted
To vices,
And was often guilty of *forgery*.
Having some talents for *irony*, he thereby
Produced many *heats* in his neighbourhood,
Which he usually increased, by blowing up
The coals.
This rendered him so unpopular, that when
He found it necessary to adopt *cooling* measures,
His conduct was generally accompanied
With a *hiss*.
Tho' he sometimes proved a *warm* friend,
Yet, when his interest was concerned,
He made it a constant rule to *strike* while
The iron was hot,
Regardless of the injury he might do thereby;
And when he had any matter of moment
Upon the *anvil*, he seldom failed to *turn* it
To his own advantage.
Among numberless instances that might be given
Of the cruelty of his disposition,
It need only be mention'd, that
He was the means of hanging many of the innocent
Family of the *Bells*,
Under the idle pretence of keeping them
From jangling.
And put great number of *the hearts of Steel*
Into the hottest flames;

Merely, as he declar'd, to *soften* the obduracy
Of their tempers.
At length, after passing a long life in the
Commission of these *black actions*,
His *fire* being exhausted, and his *bellows*
Worn out,
He *filed* off to that place where only
The fervid ordeal of his own *forge*
Can be exceeded,
Declaring, with his last *puff*,
That "*Man is born to trouble as the*
"*Sparks fly upwards.*"

ON A TAILOR.

HERE rests a form, once like a man's
In colour, *shape*, and feature;
Whose *measures*, *promises*, and *plans*,
Were guided by good-nature.
Although no seaman, still on *board*;
No traveller, yet nimble;
His table was with *cabbage* stor'd
And beef, earn'd by his *thimble*.
Though fashion *press'd* his daily cares,
From Saturday till Monday;
In a new *suit* he said his pray'rs,
At church, sometimes, on Sunday.
But Death, that nothing human spares,
In petticoats or breeches,
At last stole on him unawares,
And *snipt* his vital *stitches!*

ON SHENSTONE.

READER, if genius, taste refin'd,
A native elegance of mind;
If virtue, science, manly sense,
If wit that never gave offence,
The clearest head, the tenderest heart,
In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part,
Ah! smite thy breast and drop a tear,
For know thy *Shenstone's* dust lies here.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

FOR her each gentle bosom grieves;
'Tis not the turf alone that heaves:
Pity and Love her loss deplore,
Their fav'rite child can fall no more;

And see the woodbine loves to stray
Around the sod that clasps her clay;
The primrose with the violet vies,
To deck the grave where beauty lies.

Here Melancholy, lonely maid!
Shall oft the live-long night be laid;
And when the morning light appears,
Revive the verdure—with her tears.

HERE lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
But dead as a door-nail, God be thanked.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S, MARGATE.

ON AN INDUSTRIOUS TRADESMAN.

THE sculptur'd stones that throng the sacred wall,
Elab'rate tributes of sepulchral fame;
Our fleeting homage commonly recal
To wealth, to wit, to power, or a name.
This humbler tablet from oblivion's end
Would raise one trophy on a simpler plan,
To the kind husband, and the faithful friend,
The careful parent, and the honest man.
Through many years of unremitted toil,
In other's service he maintain'd his own;
He saw a decent num'rous offspring smile,
And often heard the poor man's benison.
Known by the ends of being to have been,
This tale, so brief, shall well record his praise,
If pausing here upon life's shifting scene,
One reader imitates his well-spent days;
Then, at his death, the tear, (the moral giv'n)
Though dropt on earth, shall be exhal'd to heaven.

ON DU VALL,

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

HERE lies DU VALL! Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse, if female, to thy heart.
Much havoc hath he made of both; for all
Men he made to stand, and women he made fall:
The second conqueror of the Norman race—
Knights to his arms did yield, and ladies to his face:
Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief;
DU VALL, the ladies' joy, DU VALL the ladies' grief.

ON ROBIN,

LATE HUNTSMAN TO THE LEICESTER HUNT.

If field diversions, reader, thou dost prize,
Revere this sod, where honest Robin lies;
Oft with the cry of hounds, and cheerful horn,
The lark preventing, he has hail'd the morn.
His eye, sagacious, was the first to find,
When loud tan-ta-ra swell'd the list'ning wind!
Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor gate of fearful height,
Could Robin's dauntless spirit e'er affright.
In private life, an active part he play'd,
By cheerful manners giving virtue aid.
Whoe'er thou art, on such a life reflect,
Go hence—and imitate—and gain respect.

ON MR. RICHARD WEST.

BY GRAY.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their am'rous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A diff'rent object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles, the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

ON THE REV. DAVID WILLIAMS.

A worthy minister of a dissenting congregation in Wales.

VAIN are our tears, and fruitless all our sighs,
Cold in his grave the rev'rend pastor lies.
Mute is that tongue whence heav'n-taught doctrine flow'd:
Still is that heart, where goodness ever glow'd.
His hand no more the pious priest extends,
With ardent grasp to welcome his lov'd friends.
But, ah! for ever from our sight convey'd,
With mould'ring dust his lifeless corpse is laid.
Near *fourscore* years a Godly race he ran,
Just servant to his lord, true friend to man:
With steady step through virtue's path he trod,
Nor e'er by wilful sin offended God.
His piety and faith thus fully prov'd,
His Saviour saw; and now from earth remov'd,
'Midst saints he sits, in happy realms above,
And chaunts his maker's praise in songs of love.

ON JOE CRUMP.

ONCE ruddy and plump,
But now a pale lump,
Beneath this soft clump,
Lies honest JOE CRUMP,
Who wish'd to his neighbour no evil:
Although by Death's thump,
He's laid on his rump;
Yet up he shall jump,
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph o'er death and the devil.

ON A COUNTRY INN-KEEPER.

HERE! hark ye! old friend! what wilt pass, then, without
Taking notice of *honest plump Jack?*
For see how 'tis with me, my light is burnt out,
And they've laid me here flat on my back.
That light in my nose, once so bright to behold,
That light is extinguish'd at last;
And I'm now put to bed, in the dark and the cold,
With wicker, and so forth, made fast.
But now wilt oblige me? Then call for a quart
Of the *best*, from the house o'er the way;
Drink a part on't thyself, on my grave pour a part,
And walk on.—Friend, I wish thee good day.

ON A LADY OF BRISTOL.

BY A FRIEND.

BENEATH this marble rests the mortal part
Of her who once delighted ev'ry heart;
How good she was, and what her virtues were,
Let weeping relatives and friends declare.
The heart that now this little tribute pays,
Too exquisitely feels to speak her praise;
Yet, would'st thou know the pious life she spent,
How many from her hands receiv'd content!
How many breasts, that poverty had chill'd,
Her charity with peace and rapture fill'd,
The village nigh shall gratify thine ears,
And tell thee, some with *words*, but most with *tears*.

ON A MISER.

By W. Stevenson, Esq.

READER! survey this monumental pile,
Nor drop a tear of pity all the while:
It rose, enjoin'd by will, at mighty cost,
For, dead, by it the miser nothing lost.
He died, a victim at the shrine of pelf;
He died, because he never lov'd himself;
He died; a great revenge inspir'd the whim;
Mankind he hated; mankind hated him:
He died—Fate ne'er, like him, could debts forgive;
He died, because he knew not how to live.

WALTON, SURRY.

ON DANIEL WEST, BARGEMAN.

HERE lies bargeman *West*,
Who was none of the best;
In his youth he was wild,
And when old was a child:
Being dead at the last,
Desir'd old *Charon* to give him a cast.

ON A GAMESTER.

HERE lies the body of *All-Fours*,
Who lost his money, and pawn'd his cloaths;
If that you want to know his name,
'Tis *Highest*, *Lowest*, *Jack*, and *Game*.

ON THE

REV. DR. DODDRIDGE,

Of Northampton.

Sublime of genius! and with science bless'd,
Of ev'ry brilliant excellence possess'd;
Beyond the common standard, learn'd and wise,
Of conduct artless, and above disguise:
In whom, but equals few, superiors none,
The friend, the husband, and the father, shone!
A tutor, form'd t' implant in yielding youth,
And, into fruit, mature the seeds of truth:
A writer, elegant in manly charms,
Who, like the sun, enlightens while he warms;
A pastor, blending with divinest skill,
A seraph's knowledge, with a seraph's zeal:
Not only *taught* religion's paths, but *trod*;
And, like illustrious Enoch, walk'd with God.
Doddridge! these rich embellishments, combin'd,
Were thine; but who can paint an angel's mind?
Heav'n saw thee ripe for glory, and, in love,
Remov'd thee hence, to grace the realms above.

ON A GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE,

Who died in each other's arms, two days after marriage.

Altho' the cruel hand of fate
Could soul and body separate;
It could not man and wife divide;
They liv'd one life; one death they dy'd.

ON THE LATE LORD CHATHAM.

Bless'd with a heart on life's exalted plan,
Here rests the relics of a noble man;
Who left his virtues to the world behind,
Grav'd, *deeply* grav'd on ev'ry Briton's mind:
How nobly good, how just, and great he prov'd,
How much lamented, and how dearly lov'd—
Let ev'ry friend to British freedom tell,
Who felt so much when he untimely fell.
Those virtues ever shall unsully'd stand,
'Gainst ruthless slander, rais'd by envy's hand.
His country's Muse shall hover o'er his grave,
And for her sons implore his sacred shade.
Pleas'd, view them—pay that tribute to his name,
Which worth like *Pitt's* will ever justly claim.

INSCRIPTION

ON A CELEBRATED POET'S TOMB-STONE,

In Berkshire.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, here lies an *honest man*:
A poet bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace;
Calmly he look'd on *either* life; and *here*
Saw nothing to regret, nor *there* to fear;
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied;
He liv'd respected, and lamented died.

ON AN OLD SERVANT,

Who was deaf and dumb.

Pass not, proud mortals! thus unmindful by;
Here moulders one, who never told a lie;
Who ne'er detracted from another's fame;
Nor e'er, by scandal, brought a neighbour shame;
In life's uneven path contented trod;
Curs'd not his neighbour, nor blasphem'd his God;
To converse private gave no list'ning ear;
Nor was one slander ever known to hear.
Who, silent to his friends as to his foes,
His master's secrets never would disclose;
But faithful, sober, pious, good, and just,
Serv'd him obedient, and fulfill'd his trust;
More quiet none, in boastful Greece or Rome;
For know, O reader, he was *deaf* and *dumb*.

ON DR. KEIL, THE ASTRONOMER,

BY CHRISTOPHER PITT.

Beneath this stone, the world's just wonder lies,
Who, while on earth, had rang'd the spacious skies;
Around the stars his active soul had flown,
And seen their courses finish'd ere his own.
Now he enjoys those realms he did explore,
And finds that heav'n he knew so well before.
He thro' more worlds his victory pursu'd,
Than the brave Greek could wish to have subdu'd;
In triumph ran one vast creation o'er,
Then stopp'd; for nature could afford no more.
With Cæsar's speed, young Ammon's noble pride,
He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept, return'd, and dy'd.

ON KING JAMES.

He that hath eyes, now wake and weepe,
He whose waking was our sleepe,
Is fallen asleepe himselfe, and never
Shall wake more; till wake for ever.
Death's iron hands hath clos'd those eyes
That were at once three kingdome's spies,
Both to foresee, and to prevent
Dangers, so soone as they were meant.
That head, whose working braine alone
Thought all men's quiet but his owne,
Is fallen at rest, (oh!) let him have
The peace he lent us, to the grave,
If no Naboth, all his raigne
Was for his fruitfull vineyard slaine,
If no Vriah lost his life,
Because he had too fayre a wife.
Then let no Shemic's curses wound
His honour, or profane this ground;
Let no blacke-mouthed breathed ranke curre,
Peaceful James his ashes sturre.
Princes are gods, (O) doe not then
Rake in their graves to prove them men.

ANOTHER.

For two and twenty yeares, long care,
For providing such an heire,
Which to the peace he had before,
May adde twice two and twenty more.
For his dayes travels, and night watches,
For's crasie sleepe stollen by snatches,
For two fierce kingdomes wound in one,
For all he did and meant to have done,
Doe this for him, write o'er his dust,
James the peacefull and the just.

ON ONE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MAIDS OF HONOUR.

HERE lyes, the Lord have mercy upon her,
One of her Majestie's maides of honour:
She was both young, slender, and pretty,
She dyed a maide, the more the pity!

ON THE KING OF SWEDEN.

SEEKE not reader here to finde
Entomb'd, the throne of such a minde,
As did the brave GUSTAVUS fill,
Whom neither time nor death can kill;
Goe and reade all the CEASARS' acts,
The rage of SCITHIAN cataracts.
What EPIRE, GREECE, and ROME hath done,
What kingdomes Gothes and Vandals won,
Reade all the world's heroique story,
And learne but halfe this *hero's* glory.
These conquer'd living, but life flying,
Revived the foes he conquered dying,
And MARS has offered as he falls
An hecatombe of generals;
The great comparer could not tell
Whence to draw out his parallell.
Then doe not hope to finde him here,
For whom earth was a narrow sphear;
Nor by a search in this small marble rome,
To finde a king so farre above a tombe.

ANOTHER.

UPON this place the great GUSTAVUS dyde,
While victory lay weeping by his side.

ON QUEEN ANNE.

March with his winde hath strucke a cedar tall,
And weeping Aprill mournes the cedar's fall,
And May intends no flowers her month shall bring,
Since she must lose the flower of all the spring.
Thus Marches winde hath caused Aprill showers,
And yet sad May must lose her flower of flowers.

ANOTHER.

Thee to invite, the great God sent a starre,
Whose nearest friend and kinne, good princes are:
Who, though they runne their race of men, and dye,
Death serves but to refine their majestie.
So did our Queene her court from hence remove,
And left this earth to be enthron'd above.
Then she is changed, not dead, no good prince dyes,
But like the sunne, doth only set to rise.

UPON THE TOMB OF THE HEART OF

HENRY YE THIRD,

Late King of France, slaine by a Jacobine Fryer, 1589.

Whether thy choyce or chance thee hither brings,
Stay, passenger, and waile the hap of kings.
This little stone a great king's heart doth hold,
That ruled the fickle French and Polacks bold,
Whom with a mighty warlike host attended,
With trayterous knife, a cowled monster ended.
So frayle are even the highest earthly things,
Goe passenger, and wayle the fate of kings.

CHICHESTER.

HERE lies an old soldier, whom all must applaud,
Since he suffer'd much hardship at home and abroad,
But the hardest engagement he ever was in,
Was the battle of *self* in the conquest of *sin*.

IN THE CHURCH OF KIRKBY STEPHEN, WESTMORELAND.

ON THOMAS THE FIRST LORD WHARTON,

Who lies buried with his two Wives, Eleanor and Anne.

HERE I, *Thomas Wharton*, do lie,
With *Lucifer* under my head,
And *Nelly* my wife hard by,
And *Nancy* as cold as lead:
O how can I speak without dread!
Who could my sad fortune abide!
With one devil under my head,
And another laid close on each side.

ON EDMUND SPENSER,

The Poet.

AT Delphos shrine one did a doubt propound,
Which by the oracle must be released,
Whether of poets were the best renown'd,
Those that survive, or those that be deceased.
The God made answer, by divine suggestion,
While SPENSER is alive, it is no question.

THIS INSCRIPTION IS ON THE FAMILY VAULT OF

SIR HENRY POLLEXFEN.

Who lies heere? whie dont e ken?
The family of Pollexfen;
Who, bee they living, or bee they dead,
Like theirre own house over theirre head,
That when'er theirre Saviour comme,
They allwaies may bee found at homme.

IN THE CHANCEL OF STEPNEY CHURCH.

ON BISHOP KITTE.

Undyr this ston, closyde and marmorate,
Lyeth John Kitte, Londoner, natyffe.
Encreasyng in vertues, rose to hygh estate,
In the fourth Edward's chapell, by his young lyffe,
Syth whych the seventh Henryes service primatyffe,
Proceeding stil in vertuous efficase,
To be in favour with this our Kynges grase.
With witt endewed, chosen to be legate,
Sent into Spayne, where he right joyfully
Combyned both prynces, in pease most amate.
In Grece archbyshop elected worthely,
And last of Cartyel ralyng pastorally,
Keeping nobly household wyth grete hospitality,
One thousand five hundryd thirty and sevyn;
Invyterate wyth pastoral carys, consumyd wyth age,
The nineteenth of Jun reckonyd full evyn,
Passyd to Hevyn from worldly pylgramage.
Of who's soul goode pepul of cherite,
Prey, as ye wod be preyd for; for thus must ye lie.
Jesu mercy. Lady helpe.

UPON THE

MARTYRDOM OF ST. ALBAN,

Painted on Glass.

THE image of our frailty, painted glasse,
Shewes where St. Alban's life and ending was:
A knight beheads the martyr, but see soone,
His eyes dropt out, seeing what they had done,
And leaving their own head, seem'd with a tear
To wayle the other head, lay mangled there;
Because his eyes before, no teares would shed,
His eyes like teares themselves fell from his head.
O miracle, that when ST. ALBAN dyes,
The murtherer himselfe weepes out his eyes.

BRIGHTON.

ON MARY GARNER.

O, deare mother, you are gone before,
And I a ratch waite at the dore.
Sin doth not only keepe me thens,
But makes me loth to go from hens.
When Christ hath heald me of my sin,
Heel macke me tite, and let me in.
This was her darter Abigal's desire.

UPTON GREY, HAMPSHIRE.

LADY DOROTHY EYRE, 1560.

SLEEPE, my good lady, sleepe; enjoy your rest:
Some daughters have been wise, but you the best.

UPON AN ANCIENT KNIGHT,
SIR JERNEGAN.

Buried cross-legged at Somerly, in Suffolk.

JESUS CHRIST, both God and man,
Save thy servant JERNEGAN.

UPON A LADY.

Who died of a broken heart, from excessive love of her husband. Written by the husband.

THESE lines with golden letters I have fill'd,
Here lies that wife whose husband's kindness kill'd.

ON RICH HEWET.

HERE lyes rich HEWET, a gentleman of note,
For why he gave three owles in his coate,
Ye see he is buried in the church of ST. PAUL,
He was wise, because rich, and now you know all.

ON A POOR LABOURING MAN.

HONEST, industrious, without guile or art,
His task performing with a cheerful heart,
Tho' poor, contented his short race he run,
His labour ceasing with each setting sun;
For good received his grateful thanks would flow,
The best, the only boon he could bestow.
So pass'd his days; and, having done his best,
This honest, faithful poor man sunk to rest.

WRITTEN ON THE SPOT WHERE CARDINAL WOLSEY IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BURIED, IN

LEICESTER ABBEY.

Peers, priests and princes, lords of every clan,
Who in the title's vapour lose the man:
Mark this plain spot, where groveling brambles wave,
In humble verdure over Wolsey's grave:
His purple honours and pontific pride,
With all life's baubles now are laid aside;
Here stripp'd to nature, and without disguise,
The child of fortune undistinguish'd lies;
O'er his cold turf th' unmanner'd travellers go,
Nor heed how great a statesman rots below.

ON A LAWYER.

Hic jacet, Jacobus Straw,
Who forty years follow'd the law;
When he dyed,
The devil cryed,
James, give us your paw.

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR HENRY GOODYER,

Of Polesworth.

An ill yeare of a Goodyer us bereft,
Who, gon to God, much lacke of him here left,
Full of good gifts, of body and of minde,
Wise, comely, learned, eloquent and kind.

UPON A MAN OF LOW ORIGIN,

But who, in respect to his name, claimed kindred with a most noble family. Being a notorious lyar, the following epitaph was written on him.

HERE *lyes* M. F. the sonne of a beare-ward,
Who would needs beare armes in despight of the Hernaught,
Which was a lyon as blacke as teat-stone,
With a sword in his pawes instead of a whetstone.
Five sonnes had this lyar, 'tis worth revealing,
Two arrant lyars, and three hang'd for stealing;
His daughters were nine, never free from sores,
Three crooked apostles, and sixe arrant w——s.

IN PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

ON SIR RICHARD WORME. 1589.

DOES worm eat Worme? Knight Worme this truth confirms,
For here, with worms, lies Worme a dish for worms,
Does worm eat Worme? sure Worme will this deny,
For Worme with worms, a dish for worms don't lie.
'Tis so, and 'tis not so, for free from worms
'Tis certain Worme is blest without his worms.

ON MR. SANDS.

WHO would live in other's breath?
Fame deceives the dead man's trust;
When our names doe change by death,
SANDS I was, and now am dust.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL EPITAPH OF

W. C. Esq. OR TWICE FIVE HUNDRED.

CLOWDED by threat'nrng DISASTERS.

For a memento mori on the philosopher's (tomb) *stone.*

TYR'D of the world, at last I found
This nest, to rest me in the ground;
I'm naked, yet I feel no cold,
Feed that, that had fed me of old,
And quietly enjoy this place,
With friends about of my own race;
Weep not then here, but banish fears,
Or let this dust dry up your tears:
My soul's in Heav'n, with saints in peace,
Where angels sing, and never cease.
These grounds of man's mortality,
Rests here awhile, till perfectly
Putrify'd, purg'd, cleansed, and at last
Revived with soul and spirit, by blast
Of trumpet, which being joined, shall shine,
And be spiritual fixt divine,
Like Christ, and one for ever be.

V. C.

Which being thus, is double you see.

W. C.

Who this punning astrologer W. C. was we know not, unless he be William Cooper, at the sign of the Pelican, in Little Britain, the publisher of the curious volume on the Philosopher's Stone, &c. in 1675, dedicated to the honourable Robert Boyle and Elias Ashmole, Esq. to which the epitaph is prefixed. A valuable catalogue of alcymical books closes this scarce little book.

ON WILLIAM LAMBE.

As I was so be yee,
As I am ye shall bee,
That I gave, that I have,
That I spent, that I had:
Thus I end all my cost,
That I left, that I lost.

IN ST. PAULS.

Here lyes John Dod, a servant of God, to whom he is gone.
Father, or mother, or sister, or brother, he never knew none.
A headborough, and a constable, a man of fame,
The first of his house, and last of his name.
Dyed, buried, and deceast, the fifteenth of May,
One thousand five hundred and fifteen, being Whitson Monday.

ON THE ABBÉ DE LA RIVIERE.

Who left an hundred crowns to the person who produced the best epitaph on him.

Here lies, where fame stands on record,
High as his birth can do:
Was prudent, wise—(your ear—a word—
The writer here *lies* too.
You'll ask, perhaps—and, asking frown—
Why then his praise I've thunder'd,
Be mute, for ~~one *poetic crown*~~
I gain *in coin a hundred.*

ON DR. BURNET,

BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

By Tom Brown.

Here old *Sarum* lies,
As great, as wise,
And learn'd as *Tom Aquinas*;
Lawn sleeves he wore,
And yet no more
A christian than *Socinus*.

Oaths *pro* and *con*
He swallow'd down,
Took fees like any lay-man;
Read, preach'd, and pray'd,
And yet betray'd
God's holy word to Mammon.

Of every vice
He had a spice,
Tho' a renowned prelate;
Yet liv'd and dy'd,
If not bely'd,
A true dissenting zealot.

If such a soul
To heaven is stole,
And 'scap'd old *Satan's* clutches,
We'll then presume
There may be room

TWICKENHAM CHURCH-YARD.

As soon as she could reason on the rules
Of her duty, she
Began her care to observe them;
Recommending the religion she professed,
By its uniform influence on her conduct.
Her faith was approved by her obedience,
Her excellent principles by correspondent morals:
The life she led, in the most corrupt times,
Would have done her honour in the purest.
Devout, retired, mortified,
Yet ever easy, pleased, cheerful,
Censuring only by excelling,
Possessing, but to distribute;
Glad to discover what she might commend in others;
Overlooking no worth, except her own.
Such she lived consistent throughout;
Wholly intent on preparing for a better world;
Which death called her to in her 35th year.
Reader!
You have here no detail of her descent and alliances;
This monument is raised to no worth she *borrowed;*
To that alone which will be in her rewarded,
And should by you be imitated.

GRANTHAM CHURCH-YARD.

John Palfryman, which lieth here,
Was aged twenty-four year;
And near this place his mother lies,
Also his father,——when he dies.

IN A CHURCH-YARD IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

BY DR. YOUNG.

If fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an *honest man*,
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend *J. Barker*,
To whom I pay this mean memorial
For what deserves the greatest.
An example,
Which shone thro' all the clouds of fortune;
Illustrious in low estate;
The lesson and reproach of those above him.
To lay this little stone is my ambition;
While others rear the polish'd *marbles* of the *great*,
Vain pomp!
A *turf* o'er *virtue* charms us more.

ON BONNEL THORNTON, Esq.

Whoe'er thou art who seest this honour'd shrine,
One moment pause, and add a tear to mine,
A manly tear, to his fair mem'ry due,
Who felt such feelings as are known to few;
Whose wit (tho' keen) benevolence suppress'd,
Who never penn'd a satire, but in *jest*.
'Tis now, oh! death! thy poignant sting we own,
'Tis now, oh! grave! thy victory is shown;
For lo! herein full prematurely lie
The only part of *Thornton* which could die.

A REMARKABLE EPITAPH,

IN A COUNTRY CHUCH-YARD.

PASSENGER,
Suffer me to inform you,
That over these ashes
No tear was ever shed, and that for many years
This turf has wanted a signature;
For a moment let oblivion withhold her exultation.
With sorrow and sincerity,
This plain stone is inscribed (by one whom he never saw)
To the memory of the Rev. PETER ELKINGTON,
a man
Of great genius, and many virtues;
whose lot it was in *this* world
To live in neglect without comfort,
And to die in solitude without a friend.
Great God, are not these things noted in thy book!

ON A YOUNG LADY.

Who died for Love.

HERE early freed from sublunary care,
Rest the dear relics of a beauteous maid;
Whose yielding softness prov'd her fatal snare,
By love subdued, by faithless man betray'd.
Should the false youth observe this humble stone,
He, for whom daily Harriet vainly sigh'd;
Let him reflect, it was for him alone,
She wish'd to live; for him alone she died.

BATH CATHEDRAL,

ON A LADY.

A character worthy of imitation.

Who was never once seen ruffled with anger,
Or heard to utter e'en a peevish word:
Whether pain'd, or injur'd, the same good woman,
In whose mouth, as in whose character,
Was no contradiction;
Resign'd, gentle, courteous, affable;
Without passion, though not without sense,
She took offence as little as she gave it;
She never *was*, or *made* an enemy;
To servants, mild; to relations, kind;
To the poor a friend; to the stranger hospitable;
Always caring how to please her husband,
Yet not less attentive to the one thing needful.
How few will be able to equal,
What all should endeavour to imitate!

ON A YOUTH.

When age all patient, and without regret,
Lies down in peace, and pays the general debt,
'Tis weakness most unmanly, to deplore
The death of those who relish life no more,
But when fair youth, that every promise gave,
Sheds his sweet blossom in the lasting grave,
All eyes o'erflow with many a streaming tear,
And each sad bosom heaves the sigh sincere.

INSCRIPTION IN BUNHILL FIELDS.

"HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Let all attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

Your wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase,
And every beating pulse you feel,
Leaves but the number less.

Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things,
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings."

BATH CATHEDRAL.

ON LADY MILLER,

Who died at Bristol Hot-Wells, June 24th 1781, *aged* 41 *years.*

DEVOTED stone! amidst the wrecks of time,
Uninjur'd bear thy Miller's spotless name;
The virtues of her youth, and ripen'd prime,
The tender thought, th' enduring record claim.
When clos'd the numerous eyes that round this bier
Have wept the loss of wide-extended worth,
O gentle stranger, may one gen'rous tear
Drop as thou bendest o'er this hallowed earth!
Are truth and genius, love and pity, thine,
With lib'ral charity, and faith sincere?
Then rest thy wand'ring steps beneath this shrine,
And greet a kindred spirit hov'ring near.

ON HUDIBRAS,

BY S. BUTLER.

UNDER this stone rests HUDIBRAS,
A knight as errant as e'er was;
The controversie only lies,
Whether he was more stout than wise;
Nor can we here pretend to say,
Whether he best could fight or pray;
So till these questions are decided,
His virtues must rest undivided.
Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,
And full as oft took pains in tubs;
Of which the most that can be said,
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd;
As for his personage and shape,
Among the rest we'll let them 'scape;
Nor do we, as things stand, think fit,
This stone should meddle with his wit.
One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and dy'd a colonel;
And for the good old cause stood buff,
'Gaingst many a bitter kick and cuff:'
But since his worship's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,
The reader is desir'd to look,
For his achievements in his book,
Which will preserve of knight the tale,
Till time and death itself shall fail.

ST. CATHERINE'S HERMITAGE, NEAR BATH.

ON MISS THICKNESSE.

READER, if youth should sparkle in thine eye,
If on thy cheek the flower of beauty flows;
Here shed the tear, and heave the pensive sigh,
Where beauty, youth, and innocence repose.

Doth wit adorn thy mind? doth science pour
Its ripen'd bounties on thy vernal year?
Behold where death has cropp'd the plenteous store,
And heave the sigh, and shed the pensive tear.

Do music's dulcet notes speak on thy tongue?
And do thy fingers sweep the sounding lyre?
Behold, where low she lies, who sweetly sung
The melting strains a cherub might inspire.

Of youth, of beauty then, be vain no more,
Of music's power, of wit and learning's prize:
For while you read, those charms may all be o'er,
And ask to share the grave where Anna lies.

NOTTINGHAM.

ON THE EARL OF ESSEX.

HERE sleeps great *Essex*, darling of mankind,
Fair Honour's Lamp, foul Envy's prey, Art's Fame,
Nature's pride, Vertue's bulwark, lure of mind,
Wisdom's flower, Valour's tower, Fortune's shame,
England's sun, *Belgia's* light, *France's* star, *Spain's* thunder,
Lisbon's lightning, *Ireland's* cloud, the whole world's wonder.

ON JOAN OF ARC.

HERE lies *Joan of Arc*, the which
Some count saint, and some count witch;
Some count man, and some count more;
Some count maid, and some count whore:
Her life's in question, wrong or right,
Her death's in doubt by laws or might:
Meantime France a wonder saw,
A woman rule 'gainst Salic law,
But, reader, be advis'd, and stay
Thy censure till the judgment day;
Then shalt thou know (and not before)
Whether saint, witch, man, maid, or whore.

TEMPLE CHURCH,

ON JOHN WHITE.

Here lies *John* a burning shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were *white*.

ON DR. GOLDSMITH.

IF to amuse, at once, and teach the age;
If with new light, t' illume the historic page;
If with the comic scene to touch the heart,
And good instruction with a smile impart;
These to possess, with purest manners join'd,
With an extensive, penetrating mind;
If these are virtues good men value most,
And if such virtues, too untimely lost!
Demand the tender tear from pitying eyes,
Ye gen'rous shed them here where *Goldsmith* lies.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

ON THE SAME,

Is a Latin inscription, by Dr. Johnson, thus translated.

By the love of his associates,
The fidelity of his friends,
And the veneration of his readers,
This monument is raised
To the Memory of
Oliver Goldsmith,
A poet, a natural philosopher, and an historian,
Who left no species of writing untouched by his pen;
Nor touched any that he did not embellish:
Whether smiles or tears were to be excited,
He was a powerful yet gentle master
Over the affections;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
equal to every subject;
In expression, at once lofty, elegant, and graceful.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney,
And county of Longford,
29th November, 1731.*
Educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
April 4th, 1774.

* Johnson had been misinformed in this particular: it has since been ascertained that he was born November 29th, 1728, and by many it is supposed that Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, was the place of his birth.

LINES ON THE SAME.

By W. Woty.

Adieu, sweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds—and these
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt,
None gave more free, for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard adieu! thy own harmonious lays,
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise;
Yes, these survive to time's remotest day;
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.
Reader, if number'd in the Muses' train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain;
But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

ON THE SAME.

Here lies the butt of all his betters;
The riddle of the world of letters;
A *man of sense* of *no* discerning;
A *scholar* of *no greater* learning:
A *bard*, whose genius soar'd sublime
A whole half-year to tag a rhyme;
Made roar box, gallery, and pit,
Without one grain of mother-wit;
A *man of science* so profound,
He'd prove a square to be a *round*,
Would talk of *animated nature*,
As if himself had been creator;

Of animation though bereft,
His right hand oft forgot his left;
A mere *good-natur'd man* through meekness,
His *moral* virtue, *natural* weakness:
A *mendicant*, whose matchless skill
In working cures was sure to kill;
By his own art who justly died,
A blundering artless suicide:
Share, earth-worms, share, since now he's dead,
His megrim, maggot-bitten head.

FROM CAMDEN'S REMAINS.

A remarkable Instance of God's Forgiveness.

ON A VERY WICKED MAN,

Who was killed by a fall from his horse.

Betwixt the stirrup and the ground
Mercy I ask'd, *Mercy* I found.

ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

Aged twenty-one.

Here lies a youth (ah wherefore breathless lies!)
Learn'd, without pride, and diffidently wise;
Mild to all faults, which from weak nature flow'd,
Fond of all virtues, wheresoe'er bestow'd.
Who never gave, nor slightly took offence,
The best good nature and the best good sense;
Who living, hoped, and dying, felt no fears,
His only sting of death a parent's tears.

ON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

BY DR. EVANS, OF OXFORD.

The Duchess having offered a considerable sum to him that should write the best epitaph on the Duke, her husband.

HERE lies JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
Who run the *French* thorough and thorough;
He marry'd *Sarah Jennings*, spinster;
Dy'd at *St. James's*, bury'd at *Westminster*.

ST. ALBANS.

ALL yee that passe by, on this pillar cast eye,
This epitaph read if you can;
'Twill tell you a tombe onc't stood in this roome
Of a brave spirited man.
JOHN MANDEVILLE by name, a knight of great fame,
Borne in this honored towne.*
Before him was none, that ever was knowne,
For travaile of so high renowne.
As the knights in the Temple, cross-legged in marble,
In armour with sword and with sheeld,
So was this knight grac'd, which time has defac'd,
That nothing but ruines doth yield.
His travailes being done, he shines like the sun,
In heavenly CANAAN.
To which blessed place, O Lord of his grace,
Bring us all, *man* after man.

* He was certainly *born* in this town, but as to his *lying* here, that is, perhaps, a mistake; for in the *Guillamites church*, in the city of *Liege*, there is a tomb erected to him, with a Latin inscription, and they there show you his knives, the furniture of his horse, and the spurs which he used in his travels.

ON JOHN TISSEY,

A great Punster.

MERRY was he for whom we all now are sad;
His jokes were many, and but few were bad;
The gay, the jocund, sprightly, active soul,
No more shall pun; alas! no more shall bowl.
Now at his tomb, methinks I hear him say,
I never lik'd to be in a *grave* way;
Then by and by, he cries, for all your scoffing,
I now am only in a fit *of coffin*.
Thy passing bell with heavy hearts we hear,
For thee each *passing belle* shall drop a tear;
That sable hearse that drew thy corpse along,
Shall be *rehears'd* in dismal poet's song.
Ah, how unlike! yet this is he, we're sure,
Who once in Grafton's coach sat so demure.
Many a ball he gracefully began,
Well may we *bawl*, to lose so great a man.
Thy friendly club their mighty loss deplore,
Their faithful secretary, now no more!
Thou ne'er shalt *secret tarry*, tho' in death,
While puns are puns, or punning men have breath.

HIS EPITAPH.

BENEATH this gravel and those stones,
Lie poor JACK TISSEY'S skin and bones;
His flesh, I oft have heard him say,
He hop'd, in time, would make good hay
Quoth I, how can that come to pass?
When he replied, "all flesh is grass."

MASTER JOHN GILL.

BENEATH this stone, by the bone of his bone,
Sleeps *Master John Gill;*
By *lies*, when alive, this attorney did thrive,
And now that he's dead he *lies still.*

ON DRYDEN.

Occasioned by seeing his bust in Westminster Abbey, with nothing but his name inscribed thereon.

READER! with awe approach this sacred bust,
Revere the shrine, and hail the hallow'd dust;
Ye Muses, all the sweets of fancy bring,
The summer's full blown pride, and bloom of spring,
Come crown'd with garlands from your roseate bowers,
And the sad shrine perfume with choicest flowers;
Or hear him, Fancy, from the dread abode,
Glow in each line, and thunder with the God.
Thy name, oh Dryden! by the Muse belov'd,
By all admir'd, by all mankind approv'd!
Shall shoot and flourish in perpetual day,
Till time grows old, and memory waste away:
Though dumb the bust, yet future bards shall tell,
None ever soar'd so high, or more lamented fell.

ON THE SAME.

THIS *Sheffield* rais'd! The sacred dust below
Was Dryden's once; the rest who does not know?

ON THE SUDDEN AND MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF THE

RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN PARNELL, Bart.

Late Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer.

Parnell is dead! that heart, to friendship dear,
No longer shines on those within its sphere:
Though sudden was the stroke, shall we complain
That Heav'n, in pity, sav'd him hours of pain?
Parnell is dead! nor leaves behind, on earth,
A name more rich in social, patriot worth:
Nor place, nor title, sway'd his nobler mind,
Great as he fill'd them, greater he resign'd.
An empire's just regret his hearse attends,
Dear to his country, honour'd by his friends;
And long shall filial tears, and friendship's sighs,
Point to the sacred spot where Parnell lies.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN, BERMONDSEY.

ON JOANNA BYRON.

Who died March 18, 1694, *aged* 11 *years.*

Admir'd, belov'd, lamented infancy,
Hurry'd away, does here untimely lie,
Too good to live, and yet too young to die.
Hard fate, that best of things must be
Always the plunder of the grave and thee.
What grief can vent this loss, or praises tell,
How young, how good, how beautiful she fell.
Complete in all but days, resign'd her breath,
Who never disobey'd, but in her death.

ON MR. JOHN BERRY.

How! how! who's buried here?
JOHN BERRY. Is't the younger?
No, the elder-BERRY.
An elder-BERRY buried! surely must
Rather rise up, and live, than turn to dust:
So may our BERRY, whom stern death has slain,
Be only buried to rise up again.

ON THOMAS KEMP.

Hanged for Sheep-stealing.

HERE lies the body of THOMAS KEMP,
Who liv'd by *wool*, but dy'd by *hemp;*
There's nothing would suffice this glutton,
But, with the fleece, to steal the mutton;
Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter,
He'd ne'er been hang'd for a sheep-biter.

ON OLD WILLIAM.

KEEPER OF KEW GATE.

By John O'Combe, Parish Clerk.

OLD WILL, who kept the gate at *Kew*,
And kindly let all people through,
Was one day treated most uncivil,
Either by death, or by the devil;
For one, without or noise or strife,
Shut upon WILL the gate of life.

ON SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Written by himself.

Now measur'd out my days, 'tis here I rest,
That is my body, but my soul, his guest,
Is here ascended; whither neither time,
Nor faith, nor hope, but only love can climb:
Where being now enlighten'd, she does know
The truth of all things which are talk'd below.
Only this dust shall here in pawn remain,
That when the world dissolves she'll come again.

ON CARDINAL RICHLIEU.

STAY, traveller!—for all you want is near—
Wisdom and power I ask—they both lie here;
Nay, but I look for more, and raise my aim
To wit, taste, learning, elegance, and fame:
Here ends your journey then, for here the store
Of RICHLIEU lies—alas! repeat no more—
Shame on my pride! what hope is left for me,
When here death treads on all that man can be.

UPON A SAILOR.

WHETHER sailor or not, for a moment *avast!*
Poor JACK'S *mizen topsail* is *laid* to the mast:
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead,
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot a-head;
He always was brisk, and tho' now gone to wreck,
When he hears the last whistle, he'll jump upon deck.

ON MR. JOHN PETTYGREW,

Late Minister at Givan, near Glasgow.

HERE lies a reverend *Givan* priest,
Who sore against his will deceast,
His soul's to Abraham's bosom fled,
As by his reverend elders said;
Others, who knew his youthful joyes,
Say *Sarah's* rather was his choice;
But be as 'twill, his scabbard's humbled,
Death tripp'd up his heels, and down he tumbled.

CORNWALL.

ON JOAN CARTHEW.

HERE lies the body of *Joan Carthew*,
Born at *St. Columb*, buried at *St. Cue*:
Children she had five;
Three are dead, and two alive;
Those that are dead chusing rather
To die with the mother, than live with the father.

ST. MARY'S, NOTTINGHAM.

ON MRS. BUFF.

A Fortune Teller.

HERE lies Mrs. Buff,
Who had money enough:
She laid it up in a store;
And when she died
She shut her eyes,
And never spoke no more.

ON SAMUEL SMITH.

ORDINARY OF NEWGATE.

UNDER this stone
Lies a reverend drone,
To *Tyburn* well known;
Who preach'd against sin,
With a terrible grin;
In which some may think he acted but oddly,
Since he liv'd by the wicked, and not by the godly.
In time of great need,
In case he were feed,
He'd teach one to read,
Old pot-hooks and scrawls
As ancient as *Paul's:*
But if no money came,
You might hang for old *Sam*,
And founder'd in psalter,
Be ty'd to a halter.
This priest was well hung,
I mean with a tongue,
And bold sons of vice,
Would disarm in a trice,
And draw tears from a flint,
Or the devil is in't.
If a sinner came him nigh,
With soul black as chimney,
And had but the sense
To give him the pence,
With a little church paint
He'd make him a saint.
He understood physick,
And cur'd cough and phthisick;

And, in short, all the ills
That we find in the bills,
With a sovereign balm,
The world calls a psalm:
Thus his *Newgate* birds, once in the space of a moon,
Tho' they liv'd to no purpose, they dy'd to some tune.
In death was his hope,
For he liv'd by a rope;
Yet this, by the way,
In his praise we may say,
That, like a true friend,
He his flock did attend,
Even to the world's end.
And car'd not to start,
From sledge or from cart,
Till he first saw them wear
Knots under their ear,
And merrily swing
In a well-twisted string!
But if any dy'd hard,
And left no reward,
As I told you before,
He'd enhance their old score,
And kill them again
With his murdering pen;
Thus he kept sin in awe,
And supported the law.
But oh! cruel fate!
So unkind, tho' I say't,
Last week, to our grief,
Grim death, that old thief,
Alas and alack!
Had the boldness to pack
This old priest on his back,

And whither he's gone
Is not certainly known:
But a man may conclude,
Without being rude,
That orthodox *Sam*
His flock would not sham,
And to shew himself to 'em a pastor most civil,
As he led, so he follow'd them all to the d—l.

BUNHILL FIELDS.

ON DR. ISAAC WATTS.

To real merit due, this humble song,
WATTS, (now no more) to thee be sacred long,
Sweet were thy numbers, as thy soul was great;
In virtue rich, with piety replete:
In vain to thee vice sounds her soft alarms,
In vain she spreads her gay alluring charms:
Thy steady zeal, the wiley foe o'erthrew,
And gave her veil'd deformity to view.
From thee our youths enlarg'd their op'ning views,
Learn'd heavenly truths, and reason's proper use;
With vary'd beauties grac'd thy tuneful lyre,
To charm, deter, correct, improve, inspire;
From tort'ring fears the soul depress'd to free,
E'en DAVID'S strains receiv'd new charms from thee.
In haste to aid, but in resentment slow,
An ardent friend, and quick-forgiving foe:
Oh! may thy soul! now loos'd from mortal clay
Wing its swift flight to realms of endless day;
There all its glories, all its joys improve,
In scenes of perfect purity and love.

STOW GARDENS.

To the memory of
SIGNOR FIDO,
An Italian of good extraction,
Who came into England,
Not to *bite* us, like most of his countrymen,
But to gain an honest livelihood.
He *hunted* not after fame,
Yet acquired it.
Regardless of the praise of his friends,
But most sensible of their love.
Tho' he liv'd among the great,
He neither learnt nor flattered any vice.
He was no bigot,
Tho' he doubted of none of the thirty-nine articles:
And if to follow nature,
And to respect the laws of society,
Be philosophy,
He was a perfect philosopher,
A faithful friend,
An agreeable companion,
A loving husband,
And, tho' an Italian,
Was distinguished by a numerous offspring,
All which he liv'd to see take good *courses*.
In his old age he retir'd
To the house of a clergyman in the country,
Where he finish'd his *earthly race*.
And died an honour and an example to the whole species.
Reader,
This stone is guiltless of flattery;
For he, to whom it was inscrib'd,
Was not a man,
But a———————GREYHOUND.

ON A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN,

In imitation of Goldsmith.

A man he was, who own'd religion's sway;
Unlike the pastors of the present day.
No worldly gain was he e'er taught to prize;
His motive, virtue; and his aim, the skies.
With doctrines sound his hearers' souls he reach'd;
And, strange to tell, he *practis'd* what he preach'd."
When starving beggars for assistance pray'd,
His friendly arm their wretched wand'rings staid.
No suppliant's pray'r e'er pass'd unheeded by;
Tear answer'd tear, and sigh succeeded sigh.
Altho' no lover of the strolling race,
As pity call'd, he heard each dubious case;
If false, dismiss'd them from his grateful fare,
Since misery only gain'd admittance there.
But if their story, told devoid of art,
Without a colouring reach'd the tender heart,
Then with what love, what eagerness, what zeal,
He strove their sorrows, and their griefs to heal!
Declar'd the means to bear affliction's rod,
And taught subjection to the will of God.
Whene'er his parish from their duty swerv'd,
Their passions, vices, inclinations serv'd,
He with a care paternal urg'd reclaim,
In just proportion to his gen'rous aim;
Argued from reason's, then from scripture's laws;
A great defender of a greater cause;
When sickness rag'd, from door to door he went,
His aid to all with equal pleasure lent;
With love benign administer'd relief,
And truly joy'd to mitigate their grief.

ON MR. THOMAS HAMMOND,

Parish Clerk of ASHFORD, *in* KENT, *who was a good Man, and an excellent Back-gammon player: he was succeeded in office by a* MR. TRICE.

BY the chance of the die,
On his *back* here doth lie
Our most audible clerk MASTER HAMMOND;
Tho' he *bore many men*
'Till threescore and ten,
Yet at length he by death is *back-gammon'd*.
But hark! neighbours, hark!
Here again comes the clerk;
By a *hit* very lucky and nice:
With death we're now even;
He just stepp'd up to heaven,
And is with us again in a *Trice*.

ON A TALLOW CHANDLER.

How might his Days *end* that made *Weeks*? or he
That could make *Light*, here laid in *Darkness* be?
Yet since his *Weeks* were spent, how could he chuse
But be depriv'd of *Light*, and his trade lose?
Yet dead the *Chandler* is, and sleeps in peace,
No wonder! long since melted with his *Grease*:
It seems that he did evil, for *Day-light*
He hated, and did rather wish the *Night*;
Yet came his *Works* to *Light*, and were, like gold,
Prov'd in the fire, but could not trial hold.
His *Candle* had an *end*, and Death's black night
Is an *Extinguisher* of all his *Light*.

ON SIR JOHN CALF.

HERE lyes the body of SIR JOHN CALF,
Who was thrice lord mayor of this city,
Honour! Honour! Honour!

The following Lines were written by a Gentleman who read the above Epitaph.

O WRETCHED Death, more subtle than a FOX,
Could'st thou not let this Calf become an Ox,
That he might brouse amongst the briars and thorns,
And wear, among his brethren,
Horns! Horns! Horns!

BRINSY, NEAR OXFORD.

ON A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

HE dy'd of a quinsy,
And was bury'd at Brinsy.

ISLINGTON CHURCH-YARD.

As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to flee away;
Unhappy he! who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
Till dying, all he can resign is breath.

ON MRS. NOTT.

Nott——————a maid,
Nott——————a wife,
Nott——————a widow,
Nott——————a whore.
She was Nott these,
And yet she was all four.
Nott born, *Nott* died, *Nott* christen'd, *Nott* begot,
Lo here she lies that was, and that was *Nott;*
She died, was born, baptiz'd, and, what is more,
Was in her life-time honest, Nott a whore:
Reader, behold a wonder rarely wrought,
That whilst thou seem'st to read, thou readest *Nott.*

IN DUNDEE.

Here lies old John Hildibroad,
Have mercy upon him Good God;
As he would do, if he was God,
And thou wert old John Hildibroad.

ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE.

ON MR. AIRE.

Under this marble fair
Lies the body, entomb'd, of Gervase Aire:
He dy'd not of an ague fit,
Nor surfeited by too much wit:
Methinks this was a wond'rous death,
That Aire should die for want of breath;

ON A YOUNG MAN,

Who was drowned.

PARENTS and friends weep not for me,
Tho' I was drowned in the sea;
It was God's will it should be so—
Some way or other all must go.

Alas! no more could I survive,
For I am dead, and not alive:
But thou in time no longer shall survive,
But be as dead as any man alive.

ON THOMAS SOUTHERN.

PRAIS'D by the grandsires of the present age,
Shall SOUTHERN pass, un-noted, off the stage!
Who, more than half a century ago,
Caus'd from each eye the tender tear to flow?
Does not his death one grateful drop demand,
In works of wit the NESTOR of our land?
SOUTHERN was DRYDEN's friend: him genius warm'd,
When OTWAY wrote, and BETTERTON perform'd:
He knew poor NAT,* while regular his fire,
Was CONGREVE's pattern e'er he rais'd desire:
Belong'd to CHARLES's age, when wit ran high,
And liv'd so long but to behold it die.

* NATT LEE.

WOODFORD-WELLS.

ON A NOBLEMAN.

I DREAMT that, bury'd in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
And as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,
Thus (like a corpse of quality) I cry'd:
"Away, thou scoundrel! henceforth touch me not,
"More manners learn, and at a distance rot."
"Thou scoundrel!" in a louder tone, cry'd he,
"Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words and thee,
"We're equal now, I'll not an inch resign:
"This is my dunghill, and the next is thine."

ON A GENTLEMAN,

Who had the happiness of being danced to death by a Young Lady.

HERE rests a wearied youth, by death reliev'd,
Who, had he rested sooner, still had liv'd.
Stung by a fair tarantula, he *hay'd*,
He figur'd in, he caper'd, frisk'd—and stray'd
From the gay ball to the Elysian shade.
Compute by dances, and *fourscore* he pass'd,
Man's utmost term; *Moll Peatly** was his last.
Yet think not, Reader, that he dares to blame
The beauteous cause from whence his ruin came:
Too well the nymph had by experience found
Her eyes as fatal, tho' more slow the wound;
She wav'd the triumph of a longer fight,
And, from mere pity, kill'd him in one night.

* A dance so called.

ON SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

Here lies the subject of immortal praise,
Who did from Phœbus' hand receive his bays:
Admir'd by all, envied alone by those
Who for his glories made themselves his foes:
Such were his virtues, that they could command
A general applause from ev'ry hand:
His *exit* then this on record shall have,
A *clap* did usher D'Avenant to his grave.

GLASTONBURY, SOMERSETSHIRE.

ON CAPTAIN DYER.

Whom neither sword nor gun in warr
Could slay, in peace a cough did marr;
'Gainst rebels he, and lust and sin,
Fought the good fight, died life to win.
Done by *Alexander*, his son.

ON A FEMALE SERVANT.

Aged 22 years.

Ye rich and great, who bribe the poet's lays,
To deck the sculptur'd tomb with fulsome praise;
Who cause sublime the pompous line to flow,
For fancy'd virtue, and for fancy'd woe:
Dare not to scoff at this unpolish'd stone,
(Rough as the honest verse that's grav'd thereon)
Which marks the humble spot, where real worth
Now yields her poor remains to Mother Earth.

ON MRS. DEATH,

COMEDIAN, LATE OF THE NORWICH COMPANY.

HERE lies DEATH's wife: when this way next you tread,
Be not surpris'd should DEATH himself be dead.

ON THE REV. MR. G. WHITFIELD,

In his Chapel, in Tottenham Court Road.

HE, like his master, was by some despis'd,
Like him by many others lov'd and priz'd;
But theirs shall be the everlasting crown,
Not whom the world but *Jesus Christ* shall own.

INSCRIPTION

ON A TOMB-STONE, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

ADJUDG'D to bliss, the saints shall rise,
To meet their Saviour in the skies,
And live where pleasure never dies.
Condemn'd, the sinners shrink to hell;
The sad reverse consider well,
"With endless burnings who can dwell?"

ON MR. STRANGE.

HERE lies one *Strange*, no *Pagan*, *Turk*, nor *Jew*,
'Tis *Strange*, but not so *strange* as it is true.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

ON A FREETHINKER AND GAMBLER.

HERE lies a sceptic long in doubt,
If death would kill the soul or not;
Death ends his doubtfulness at last,
Convinc'd—but oh! the die is cast.

IN ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH-YARD,

KENT.

THE grave is a refining pot,
Unto believers' eyes,
'Tis there the flesh will lose its dross,
And like the sun shall rise.

ON JOHN TAYLOR,

THE WATER POET.

HERE lies the water poet, honest *John*,
Who rowed on the streams of *Helicon*;
Where, having many rocks and dangers past,
He at the haven of heav'n arriv'd at last.

ON KITTY FISHER,

Who died soon after she was married.

SHE wedded—to live honest; but, when tried,
Th' experiment she lik'd not—and so died.

WESTON FAVELL, NEAR NORTHAMPTON.

HERE lie the remains of the

REV. JAMES HERVEY, A. M.

Late rector of this parish, that very pious man, and much-admired author, who died Dec. the 25th, 1758, in the 45th year of his age.

Reader, expect no more; to make him known
Vain the fond elegy and figur'd stone:
A name more lasting shall his writings give,
There view display'd his heavenly soul, and live.

ON JOHN UNDERWOOD.

AH cruel death! that dost no good,
With thy destructive maggots;
Now thou hast cropt our UNDERWOOD,
What shall we do for *faggots?*

ON A DRUNKARD.

BYBAX, the drunkard, while he liv'd, would say,
The more I drink, the more methinks I may:
But see how death hath prov'd his saying just,
For he hath drunk himself as dry as dust.

HORNSEY CHURCH-YARD.

LOVELY in death, so on the verdant plain,
Falls the fair flow'ret overcharg'd with rain;
Thus early, transient, pure as snow new driv'n,
"She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heav'n."

HORNSEY.

ON W. COX,

Who died of the small-pox.

In love I liv'd; in peace I died;
I strove to live, but God denied;
Then the small-pox cost me my life;
Behind I have left my intended wife.
I am gone, in hopes my peace to find,
And left my dearest friends behind.

BERCHINTON CHURCH-YARD, IN KENT.

ON AN INFANT.

Ah! why so soon, just as the bloom appears,
Drops the fair blossom in this vale of tears?
Death view'd the treasure to the desart giv'n,
And claim'd the right of planting it in heav'n.

ON GRAY, THE POET.

Ye lovers, robb'd of all your souls held dear,
Ye maidens, sorrowing for your lovers true;
Ye orphans, weeping o'er your father's bier,
Now mourn for him, who best could mourn for you.
For here he lies, who knew, in tender strains,
To pour the artless, elegiac lay,
To lull your sorrows, and to sooth your pains,
Here lies the gen'rous, sympathetic *Gray.*

RAMSGATE CHURCH-YARD.

PASSENGER pause!—permit a very *stone* to tell thee that the bloom of youth, fair prospects, and parental fondness cannot reverse the sentence:

To dust thou shalt return.

ON JOHN AND EDWARD TOPHAM.

READER, we from this monument may gather,
JOHN TOPHAM was one EDWARD TOPHAM's father;
And what's more strange, we find, upon this stone,
That EDWARD TOPHAM was JOHN TOPHAM's son.

COVENTRY.

ON JOHN PYE, A FARMER.

HERE lies *John Pye!*
Oh! oh!
Does he so?
There let him lye.

BATH.

ON ——— JOBSON.

HERE lyes *Jobson*, the D—'s godson,
Who ne'er lov'd the poor:
He liv'd like a hog,
And dy'd like a dog,
And left what he had to a w—e.

ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

ON MR. MUNDAY,

Who hanged himself.

HALLOWED be the *Sabaoth*,
And farewell all worldly pelfe;
The weeke begins on *Tuesday*,
For *Munday* hath hang'd himselfe.

ON WALTER STRONGE,

A MASON.

HERE'S one that was an able workman long,
Who divers houses built both fair and strong;
Tho' *Stronge* he was, a stronger came than he,
And robb'd him both of life and skill we see:
Moving an old house, a new one for to rear,
Death met him in the way, and laid him here.

ON JEMMY JEWELL.

'TIS odd, quite odd, that I should laugh,
When I'm to write an epitaph.
Here lie the bones of a rakish *Timmy*,
Who was a *Jewell* and a *Jemmy*.
He dealt in diamonds, garnets, rings,
And twice ten thousand pretty things;
Now he supplies *Old Nick* with fuel,
And there's an end of *Jemmy Jewell*.

ON MR SNOW,

THE KING'S TRUMPETER.

THAW every breast, melt every eye with woe,
Here's dissolution by the hand of Death!
To dirt, to water, turn'd the fairest *Snow:*
O! the king's *trumpeter* has lost his breath.

ON LADY LUCY LYTTLETON.

By Lord Lyttleton.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise:
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good as she the world had never seen.
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentlest female tenderness combin'd:
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
Her song, the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind exprest;
Her mind was virtue by the graces drest.

ON A POOR INDUSTRIOUS HUSBANDMAN.

IN YORKSHIRE.

THIS humble monument will show
Where lies an honest man.
Ye kings, whose heads are laid as low,
Rise higher, if you can.

POST FUNERA VIRTUS.

A MONSTER, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold:
Strait breathes his bust; strait are his virtues shown;
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.
If on this specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!
Splendidè mendax.

ON KING CHARLES II.

By Lord Rochester.

HERE lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

ON ONE NAMED JOHN.

DEATH came to *John*,
And whisper'd in his ear,
You must die *John*;
*D'ye hear?**
Quoth *John*, to Death,
The news is bad:
No matter, quoth Death,
I've said.

* It was his custom in conversation to say, "*D'ye hear?*" And if any said he did not, *John* would reply, "*'Tis no matter, I've said.*"

BRIGHTWELL, OXON.

ON STEPHEN RUMBOLD,

Born Feb. 1582, *died March* 4, 1687.

He liv'd one hundred and five
Sanguine and strong,
An hundred to five,
You live not so long.

A GENEROUS foe, a faithful friend,—
A victor bold, here met his end.
He conquer'd both in war and peace;
By death subdu'd, his glories cease.
Ask'st thou, who finish'd here his course
With so much honour?—'Twas a HORSE.

HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK.

ON MRS. ELLEN RESON.

THE charnel mounted on the w
Sets to be seen in funer
A matron plain domestic
In care and pains continu
Not slow, not gay, not prodig
Yet neighbourly and hospit
Her children seven, yet living
Her sixty-seventh year hence did c
To rest her body natur
In hopes to rise spiritu

all.

ST. JAMES'S, CLERKENWELL, LONDON.

ON THOMAS WAYTE,

OF KEYTHORP, ESQ.

Receiver for his Majesty, in the Counties of Warwick and Leicester, 1642.

HITHER no tears, but garlands bring,
To crown this good receiver's dust;
Who gave account to God and King,
And lives rewarded with the just;
So to his faith and office both gave rest,
The KING his QUITTANCE, GOD QUIETUS EST.

ST. EDMUND'S, SALISBURY.

ON RICHARD ROOK.

Who died April 20, 1779, *aged* 14.

WHEN the arch-angels trump shall sound,
And souls and bodies join;
What crowds will wish *their* lives below
Had been as *short* as thine!

UPON A VALIANT PORTUGUESE SOLDIER, CALLED

SIMON ANTOM.

SCOURGE of Castile, here *Simon Antom* lies,
Who, while *alive*, did thousands sacrifice;
And, even *dead*, his ashes seem to say,
"Come on, come on, as many as there may."

ON A MISER.

HERE lies one, who for medicines would not give
A little gold, and so his life he lost;
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
Cou'd he but guess how much his funeral cost.

CUDDESDON, OXFORDSHIRE.

By Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London.

ON HIS DAUGHTER.

Translated from the Latin.

DEAR as thou didst in modest worth excel,
More dear than in a daughter's name—farewel!
Farewel, dear Mary—but the hour is nigh,
When, if I'm worthy, we shall meet on high:
Then shall I say, triumphant from the tomb,
Come to thy father's arms, dear Mary,—come!

VIA LATINA, ROME.

TRAVELLER, be not inquisitive about my name, extraction, place of birth, or past life; consider only my present state. I am condemned to an everlasting silence, and nothing of me remains but a parcel of bones and ashes. I came from nothing, scarce ever existed, was at best an insignificant being, and am now entirely destitute of existence. Go your way, and do not upbraid me with my low condition; yours will very soon be the same.

WINDHAM, NORFOLK.

UPON MR. NONE.

HERE lyes *None*, one worse than *None* for ever thought,
And because *None* of *None* to thee, O Christ, gives nought.

Written with Chalk on the Tomb-stone of an OLD MAID, *who, a little before her death, declared her age to be but* 53, *though she was known to have been at least* 60.

A STIFF-STARCH'D virgin of unblemish'd fame,
And spotless honour, *Bridget Cole* by name,
At length the death of all the righteous dies,
Aged but three-and-fifty—*Here she* LIES.

ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

ON THOMAS CHURCHYARD,

An old court poet, in the reign of Henry ye Eighth, author of a poem entitled the "Worthiness of Wales," and of another in praise of the first Paper Mill, erected in England. Wood gives a long account of the vicissitudes of this person.

COME, *Alecto*, and lend me thy torch,
To find a *Churchyard* in a church porch;
Poverty and poetry this tomb doth inclose,
Therefore, good neighbours, be merry in prose.

He died about the 11th of Elizabeth's reign, 1570.

ON A GENTLEMAN,

Whose name was EARTH.

STOP, gentle reader, and peruse this stone,
The friendly covering of my lifeless bone.
Earth—was I brought into the spacious world,
And now to Mother *Earth*—again I'm hurl'd.
Being born mere *Earth*,—you may with justice say,
That which was *Earth*,—is fairly turn'd to clay.

ON A MAYOR OF EXETER.

HERE lies the body of Captain *Tully*,
Aged a hundred and nine years fully;
And threescore years before, as mayor,
The sword of this city he did bear.
Nine of his wives do by him lie,
So shall the tenth when she doth die.

ON DR. FULLER.

HERE lies *Fuller's* earth.

ON ANNE CARTER.

A COLLAR-MAKER'S WIFE.

HERE lies Anne Carter,
Wife of John Carter;
Who slipt her neck out of the collar;
Mensis Maii 6, Anno 1728.

IPSWICH, 1641.

ON JOE WARNER.

I, *Warner* once was to myself,
Both living, dying, dead, I was;
Now *Warning* am to thee:
See then thou warned be.

IN WALES.

HERE lies Imagination's fool:
Ye that know me pity me,
Ye that know me not, I congratulate.

ON MR. EDMOND PURDON,

An Author. By Goldsmith.

HERE lies poor *Ned Purdon*, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack,
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll ever come back.

ON JOHN CRUKER,

A BELLOWS-MAKER, AT OXFORD.

HERE lyeth JOHN CRUKER, a maker of bellows,
A crafts-master, and a king of good fellows:
Yet when he came to the hour of his death,
He that made bellows, could not make breath.

ON JOHN TREFFRY, ESQ.

HERE in this chancel do I ly,
Known by the name of JOHN TREFFRY;
Being made and born for to dye,
So must thou, friend, as well as I:
Therefore good works be sure to try,
But chiefly love and charity,
And still on them with faith rely,
So be happy eternally.

Soli Deo gloria.

The above was put up during the life-time of this Mr. Treffry, who appears to have been a very whimsical man. He had his grave dug, and lay down and swore in it, to shew the sexton a novelty, he said,—a man swearing in his own grave.

ON MRS. FORD.

HERE lies the wife of *Maister Ford*,
I hope her soul is with the Lord;
But if for Hell she's chang'd this life,
'Tis better so—than *John Ford's* wife.

ON A JOCKEY, AT NEWMARKET.

By Chiffney.

BENEATH the green sod, in this sport-loving place,
A jockey lies snug who has *run a good race;*
Till his *wind being gone*, and by death being *cross'd*,
At last he's come in *the wrong side of the post.*

HACKNEY CHURCH-YARD.

ON SIR HENRY ROWE,

Lord Mayor of London, who died in 1612.

HEER Under Find of Adams First Defection,
Rests In The Hope of Happie Resurrection,
Sir Henry Rowe, Sonne of Sir Thos. Rowe,
And of Dame Mary, His Deer Yoak Fellowe;
Knight & Right Worthy (as His Father Late)
Lord Maior of London, With His Vertuous Mate
Dame Susanne, (His Twice Fifteen Yeers & Seaven)
Their Issue Five Surviving of Eleaven)
Fower Named Heer; In Theis Fower Names Fore Past,
The Fifth Is Found, If Echo Sound The Last;
Sad Orphans All, But Most Their Heire Most Debtor,
Who Built Them This, But In His Heart a Better.

His ancestors were severally Lord Mayors of London, Sir Thomas in 1568—Sir William in 1592—and Sir Henry, the subject of the preceding lines, in 1607.

ON THE DEATH OF

STEPHEN REMNANT, ESQ.

Of Woolwich.

HERE's a *Remnant* of life, and a *Remnant* of death,
Taken off both at once in a *Remnant* of breath.
To mortality this gives a happy release,
For what was the *Remnant*, proves now the *whole piece.*

ALL-HALLOWS, BREAD STREET.

ON MR. HUMPHREY LEVINS,

Who died in 1682, *and on his Son, aged fourteen, both buried in the same grave.*

WHICH shall we weep? Both merit tears; yet sure
Tears are but vain where bliss is so secure.
Which shall we praise? Our eulogy can't add
Unto the bless'd, who God's kind euge had.
Our duty's but to imitate and admire
This happy pair of the celestial choir.

ON JOAN TRUEMAN,

Who had an issue in her leg.

HERE lyes crafty *Joan*, deny it who can,
Who liv'd a false maid, and dy'd a *Trueman;*
And this trick she had to make up her cunning,
Whilst one leg stood still, the other was running.

ON D'ABLANCOURT,

The French Translator.

HERE lies D'ABLANCOURT! that renowned sage,
Whose genius, like a torch, illum'd his age.
By him, in French attire, each classic shone;
He made all *Athens*, and all *Rome* our own.
'Tis hard to say——when his great spirit fled,
Who lost the most—the living—or the dead.

To the memory of that ancient servant to the city, with his pen, in divers employments, especially the Survey of London,

MASTER ANTHONY MUNDAY,

CITIZEN AND DRAPER OF LONDON.

He that hath many an ancient tombstone read,
Th' labour seeming more among the dead
To live, than with the living—that survey'd
Abstruse antiquities, and o'er them laid
Such vive and beauteous colours with his pen;
That, spite of time, those old are new again,
Under this marble lies interr'd; his tomb
Claiming (as worthily it may) this room.
Among those many monuments his quill
Has so revived, helping now to fill
A place (with those) in his survey, in which
He has a monument, more fair, more rich
Than polish'd stones could make him, where he lies,
Though dead, still living, and in that ne'er dies.

ON JOVIANUS PONTANUS,

Who died in 1505.

When living I prepared this house to rest in after death. I beseech thee injure not him who never injured any. I am *Jovianus Pontanus*, whom honest men loved, and kings and lords esteemed.—You know who I am, or rather who I was: but I, good stranger, cannot know thee in this darkness: pray heaven, thou may'st know thyself. Farewell.

In the Subterranean Chapel, in the Church of St. Maria Scala Cœli, Rome, is a Latin Inscription, in English thus:

"HERE rest the bodies of *St. Zeno*, and his twelve thousand two hundred soldiers."

These are the twelve thousand two hundred *Christians* (precisely) who remained of the forty thousand that had been employed for the space of seven years, in building *Diocletian's* baths; and who, after the finishing of that immense work, received no other recompence for their toil and labour than a cruel death, which they suffered by the tyrant's order, on the same spot where this church now stands.

FERRARA CATHEDRAL.

ON GYRALDUS LILIUS.

PASSENGER, what do you stop at? You see here the tomb of Gyraldus Lilius, who experienced both pages of Fortune's book, but profited only by the worst, by the help of *Apollo*, making no use of the other. More to know concerns neither him nor thee: be gone about your business. Erected by *Lilius Gregorius Gyraldus*, mindful of Mortality, in the year of our Lord 1550, and of his age 72.

ON VOSSIUS.

On this tomb weep Piety and Virtue; on this tomb Learning is grown marble with grief. Envious Death smiles; and so does *Vossius*, who has conquered Death by his pen and his wit.

ON A FEMALE DRUNKARD.

Arrested by death,
Lies a female beneath,
Who, when living, ne'er flinch'd from her glass;
And at the last day,
The first words she will say
Are, drink my boys! let the toast pass.

Nay, weep not my friend,
Lament not her end,
Soon or late we all come to it must;
Let malice and spleen,
Mourn alone o'er their queen,
For here she lies mould'ring to dust.

ON JENKIN DASHES.

Here lies the collier *Jenkin Dashes*,
By whom death nothing gain'd, he swore;
For living he was dust and ashes,
And dead he was no more.

IN A CHURCH-YARD IN WILTSHIRE.

Beneath this steane lies our dear child, who's gone from We,
For evermore, unto Eternity;
Where Us do hope, that We shall go to He,
But Him can ne'er go back again to We.

ON MR. GRAY.

By Mr. Mason.

No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay!
She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of GRAY.

LINES ON THE SAME.

'Tis done, tis done—the iron hand of pain,
With ruthless fury and corrosive force,
Racks ev'ry joint, and seizes every vein;
He sinks, he groans, he falls a lifeless corse.

Thus fades the flow'r, nipp'd by the frozen gale,
Tho' once so sweet, so lovely to the eye;
Thus the tall oaks, when boist'rous storms assail,
Torn from the earth, a mighty ruin lie.

Ye sacred sisters of the plaintive verse,
Now let the stream of fond affection flow;
O pay your tribute o'er the slow-drawn hearse,
With all the manly dignity of woe.

Oft when the curfew tolls its parting knell,
With solemn pause yon church-yard's gloom survey,
While sorrow's sighs, and tears of pity tell,
How dearest friends on every side decay.

BECKENHAM, KENT.

ON MRS. CLARKE, OF EPSOM,

WHO DIED APRIL 27, 1757.

By Gray.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps:
A heart, within whose sacred cell,
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image here below
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

ON THE EARL OF KILDARE.

Who kill'd *Kildare?* Who dar'd *Kildare* to kill?
Death kill'd *Kildare*, who *dare kill* whom he will.

ON WILLIAM SAVILLE.

No epitaph need make the just man fam'd;
The good are prais'd when they are only nam'd.

CROYDON, SURRY.

ON MR. WILLIAM BURNET.

To-day he's drest in gold or silver bright,
Wrapp'd in a shroud before to-morrow night;
To-day he's feasting on delicious food,
To-morrow nought he eats can do him good;
To day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
In a few days himself's a dish for worms;
To-day he's honour'd and in great esteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him;
To-day he rises from a velvet bed,
To-morrow he's in one that's made of lead;
To-day his house, tho' large, he thinks too small,
To-morrow can command no house at all;
To-day has twenty servants at his gate,
To-morrow scarcely one will deign to wait;
To-day perfum'd, and sweet as is the rose,
To-morrow stinks in every body's nose;
To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight;
Ghastly and pale before to-morrow night:
Now that you've wrote, and said whate'er you can,
This is the best that you can say of man.

ST. STEPHENS, COLEMAN-STREET.

Our life is all but death; time that ensueth
Is but the death of time that went before:
Youth is the death of childhood; age, of youth,
Die once to God; and then thou diest no more.

ON MRS. BOWES.

By Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

HAIL, happy bride! for thou art truly bless'd;
Three months of rapture crown'd with endless rest;
Merit like yours was heaven's peculiar care,
You lov'd—yet tasted happiness sincere:
To you the sweets of love were only shown,
The sure succeeding bitter dregs unknown.
You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
The tender lover for th' imperious lord;
Nor felt the pains that jealous fondness brings,
Nor wept that coldness from possession springs.
Above your sex distinguish'd in your fate,
You trusted—yet experienc'd no deceit.
Soft were your hours, and wing'd with pleasure, flew:
No vain repentance gave a sigh to you;
And if superior bliss heav'n can bestow,
With fellow-angels you enjoy it now.

OAKINGHAM.

ON EDWARD COTTON, Esq.

Who died 28th Dec. 1682.

THIS worthy name of Squire Cotton
Can never dye, although his bones ly rotten;
Eased from all paines, removed far from strife,
A tender husband to his loving wife,
Sleeps near this place: he past thro' life to death,
And won the race, although he lost his breath:
Hee'th pay'd the debt which once we must pay all,
His virtues live, though after's funeral.
His surviving relict, for a good intent,
Hath caused to be raised this monument.
Vivit post funera virtus.

HARBORN, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

ON THOMAS BIRCH,

Who died March 10, 1795.

AND SARAH HIS WIFE,

Who died Nov. 6, 1801.

A GOOD husband and father too,
Such a one as the world scarce ever knew,
What God to Adam did testify,
He was resolved his children should come nigh.
For pride and pleasure he did not allow,
But made them get their bread by the sweat of their brow;
A good wife, and mother, and neighbour too,
Such a one as the world scarce ever knew.
Agreabler couple could not be,
Whatever pleased *he*, always pleased *she;*
Every thing a good wife, and mother, and neighbour should be.

ON JOHN TROTT, A BAILIFF.

HERE lies *John Trott*, by trade a bum;
When he dy'd, the devil cry'd,
Come, *John*, come.

ON A STAYMAKER.

ALIVE, unnumber'd stays he made,
(He work'd industrious night and day;)
E'en dead he still pursues his trade,
For here his *bones will make a stay.*

INDEX

TO

VOLUME I.

A.

All you that told lies of my mother and me, ... 10
Ask not who ended here his span, ... 15
Attorney,—on an honest one—St. Pancras, ... 20
Awdley, Sir Thomas—Walden, Essex, ... 39
Argyle, Earl of—Grey Friers, Edinburgh, ... 42
Anderson, Jean—Hammersmith, ... 63
Aikman, Mr. and his son—By Mallet, ... 68
A pale consumption gave the fatal blow, ... ib.
At my right hand lies my son John, ... 120
Atkinson, Elizabeth—the perewinkle cryer, ... 127
Anderson, Thomas—A deserter, ... 138
Alleyne, Rev. John, and his wife and son, ... 145
A tie to earth with thee, dear youth, is gone, ... 148
At this signe lived I—Price, Vintner, ... 151
A glutton renown'd, lies under this ground, ... 159
Altho' the cruel hand of fate, ... 170
Anne, Queen, ... 175
As soon as she could reason on the rules of her duty, 185
Arc, Joan of, ... 192
A man he was, who own'd religion's sway,—(on a country clergyman) 207
As those we love decay, we die in part, ... 211
Aire Gervase—St. Giles's, Cripplegate, ... 212
Alas! no more could I survive, ... 213
Adjudg'd to bliss, the saints shall rise, ... 216

A monster, in a course of vice grown old, ... 223
A generous foe, a faithful friend, ... 224
Antom, Simon—A valiant Portuguese soldier, ... 225
A stiff-starch'd virgin of unblemish'd fame, ... 227
Arrested by death lies a female beneath, ... 235
Alive unnumber'd stays he made, ... 240

B.

Balmerino, Lord—The traitor, ... 12
Buckingham, Edmund, Duke of—Westminster Abbey, 17
Brigge, John—St. Peter's, Norwich, ... 19
Bird, William, an infant—St. Lawrence, Jury, London, 21
Blush not, ye fair, to own me, but be wise, ... 27
Bromfield, Lucy Quimbic—Titchfield, Hants, ... 31
Blake, Admiral—St. Margaret's, ... 37
Beaumont, Mr. Francis—The dramatic poet, ... 43
By Fate's stern hand untimely snatch'd away, ... 54
Butcher—on a, ... 69
Blackwell, Francis, and his wife—High Wycombe, ... 79
Becket, Mr.—Chastleton, Oxford, ... 81
Bond, Edward, Esq.—Armagh, Ireland, ... 84
Busby, Dr.—Westminster Abbey, ... 89
Behn, Mrs.—Westminster Abbey, ... 90
Black, Reverend John—St. Andrew's, Holborn, ... 95
Below an husband and a wife are laid, ... 101
Burbridge—the tragedian, ... 104
Best, Mary—Ansty church-yard, ... 105
By fashion led, I spent my life at ease, ... 113
Bancroft, Francis—St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, ... 118
Barnes, George, ... 122
Burton, Edward, attorney at law—Chesterfield, ... 129
Bellew, Christopher, Kelly—Of Bath, ... 134
Blake, James—who sailed round the world with Captain Cook, ... 147
Bridges, Matthew—St. Swithin's, Norwich, ... 150
Bell, John—broken bow, ... 155
Beneath this marble rests the mortal part, ... 168
Burnet, Dr.—Bishop of Salisbury, ... 184

Betwixt the stirrup, and the ground, ... 195
Byron, Joanna—St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, ... 199
Berry, John—the elder Berry, ... 200
Buff, Mrs.—A fortune-teller—Nottingham, ... 202
Bybax, the drunkard, while he liv'd, would say, ... 218
Beneath the green sod, in this sport-loving place,—on a Newmarket Jockey, by Chiffney, ... 230
Beneath this steane lies our dear child, ... 235
Burnet, William—Croydon, Surry, ... 238
Bowes, Mrs.—By Lady Mary Wortley Montague, ... 239
Birch, Thomas, and his wife—near Birmingham, ... 240

C.

Casy, John, a publican of Lad-Lane, ... 4
Corbett, Mrs. Elizabeth—By Pope, ... 20
Cashel, on the young Lord Mount, By Mrs. Barber, .. 21
Croft, Henry—St. Paul's Cathedral, ... 30
Cecil, Lady, who died in child-bed, ... 34
Chaloner, Sir Thomas, a learned writer in the XVIth century, ... 38
Crabb, Roger—Stepney, ... 52
Chamberleyn, John—Allhallows the Less, ... 62
Charles the First—by the Duke of Montrose, ... 64
Curate, on a country one, ... 69
Cave, Mr.—Barrow upon Soar, county of Leicester, ... 77
Collinge, John—Barton-Stacey church, Hants, ... 83
Casaubon, Meric—Canterbury cathedral, ... 91
Clos'd are those eyes that beam'd seraphic fire, ... 96
Clergyman, on a young—St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, ... 110
Chatterton—the unfortunate poet, ... 121
Cosier, a cobler, ... 128
Clark, John—Fellow of Winchester College, ... ib.
Cowley, the poet, written by himself in Latin, translated by Addison, ... 136
Confide not, reader, in thy youth and strength, ... 138
Cadman—St. Mary's church, Shrewsbury, ... 144
Crump, Joe—once ruddy and plump, ... 167
Chatham, on the late Lord, ... 171

Carthew, Joan, born at St. Columb, buried at St. Cue, Cornwall, ... 202
Calf, Sir John, ... 211
Cox, W.—who died of the small pox—Hornsey, ... 219
Charles II.—By Rochester, ... 223
Churchyard, the old court poet—St. Margaret's, Westminster, ... 227
Carter, Anne—a collar-maker's wife, ... 228
Cruker, John—a bellows-maker, at Oxford, ... 229
Clarke, Mrs. of Epsom—by Gray, ... 257
Cotton, Edward—Oakingham, ... 239

D.

Digby, Lady Venusia—by Randolph, ... 7
Daker, Lady Elizabeth, Graistock and—Narden, ... 20
Duggan, Mr. the learned and ingenious, ... 29
Dauntsey, Dr. John—Abbey church, Bath, ... 37
Drunkard, on one, ... 64
Dodsley, Robert, an eminent bookseller, ... 65
Dister, Allaine—Lavenham church, ... 76
Dear father, receive this monument, ... 92
Dale, John—Bakewell church-yard, Devon, ... 101
Dwarf, on one, in the Palace of Cardinal Alessandro Albani, at Rome, ... 102
Drummond, Honourable Miss—by W. Mason, ... 120
Death, without warning, was as bold as brief, ... 137
Death, John, ... 144
Du Vall—the highwayman, ... 165
Doddridge, Rev. Dr.—the celebrated writer, ... 170
Dod, John, a servant of God—St. Paul's, ... 183
Dryden, ... 198
D'Avenant, Sir William, ... 215
Dyer, Captain—Glastonbury, Somersetshire, ... ib.
Death, Mrs. a comedian in the Norwich company, ... 216
D'Ablancourt, the French translator, ... 232
Dashes, Jenkin, a collier, ... 235

E.

Equal, as age advanc'd, her virtues grew, ... 2
Edward, Prince, eldest son to Edward III. 35
Elyard, Priscilla—St. Botolph, Aldgate, ... 47
Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade, ... 76
Elderton, W. the red nosed ballad maker, ... 89
Est, Est, Est,—St. Flavian's, Mount Fiascone, ... 99
Effen, Ugh—New Church, Amsterdam, ... 105
Eliot, Honourable Edward, ... 108
Elliot, Anne—Tunbridge, ... 109
Emerson, William—St. Mary Saviours, ... 132
Elizabeth, Queen, ... 158, 159
Eyre, Lady Dorothy—Upton Grey, Hampshire, ... 178
Elkington, Reverend Peter, ... 187
Essex, Earl of—Nottingham, ... 191
Earth, Mr. 228
Exeter, on a Mayor of, ... ib.

F.

Fevre, Nicholas Le—Les Saints Innocents, Paris, ... 31
Flin, John—a painter, of Galway, in Ireland, ... 48
Fairhurst, Matthew, of Bold—Prescot, Lancashire, ... 49
Farlam, Mrs. who was bit by her lap dog, ... 65
Fletcher, Mary—Kensington church-yard, ... 72
Freeman, Jacob—a singular character—Cathedral, Norwich, ... 103
Friar Paul, in his cell, made his exit of late, ... 125
Fettiplace, Sir Edmund, ... 141
Fielding, Shirley—portrait painter, ... 143
Freeman, Dicky—blind and deaf, ... 144
Free from this dream of life, this maze of care—on a young man who died, ... 150
For her each gentle bosom grieves, ... 164
Fido, Signor—Stow Gardens, ... 206
Fisher, Kitty, ... 217
Fuller, Dr. 228
Ford, Mrs. 230

G.

Gosling, Humphrey, of London, vintner, ... 4
Gay, the poet—By Pope, ... 16
Gardiner, Roger—Thunderidge in the Vale, Herts, ... 22
Glutton, on one, ... 33
Gibbon, Edward, Esq. the Roman Historian, ... 39
Grantham, John, ... 68
Giles, Sir Edward and his Lady—Dean Prior, Devon, 72
Gorsuch, a watchmaker—Abbey Church, Shrewsbury, 85
Gray, Mess Andrew—Glasgow church-yard, ... 91
Green, Ann—Albrighton, Shropshire, ... 131
Graves, Captain Henry, ... 135
Gerrard, a grocer—St. Saviour's Southwark, ... 141
Grim, Mulciber, a blacksmith, ... 162
Gamester, on one, ... 169
Garner, Mary—Brighton, ... 178
Goodyer, Sir Henry, of Polesworth, ... 180
Goldsmith, Dr. 192, 193, 194
Gill, Master John, an attorney, ... 198
Gray, the poet, ... 219, 236

H.

Here fast asleep upon his back, ... 2
Halifax, the Earl of—by A. Phillips, ... 3
Harington, Mrs. Isabella, mother of the translator of Orlando Furioso, ... 7
Here lies a round woman—by Dean Swift, ... 13
Here lies little $\frac{*}{*}\frac{*}{*}\frac{*}{*}$, a yard deep or more, ... 18
Here rests his head upon the lap of earth, ... 22
Here lies J. H. in expectation of the day of judgment, 27
Had cruel death, whose harvest is each hour, ... 42
Here lieth old Beck, who sold fruit at the cross, ... 43
Here lyes a babe, that only cry'd, ... 47
Happy Pair, on a, ... 50
Hill, Dr. Otwell—Lincoln Cathedral, ... 51
Howard, Mr.—St. Paul's Cathedral, ... 55
Hoare, Frances—In the woods of Denham, ... 58
Hawkesworth, Mrs.—By her husband, ... 63

Hobbes, Thomas—Gloucester Cathedral, ... 64
How awful is the scene while here I tread, ... 71
Here lyeth one of Abel's race—Abergavenny, ... 73
Hide, Edward—Storrington, Sussex, ... 79
Hogarth, William—by Garrick, ... 80
Hoare, Henry, Esq.—Stourhead—by Hayley, ... 94
Humphrey, Thomas, and his wife—Barking, Essex, ... 96
His last debt is paid—poor Tom's no more, ... 104
Here lies W. W. 106
Here lies the man whose horse did gaine, ... 108
Hobson, the Cambridge carrier, ... 111, 112
Here rests a man, who ne'er could rest in life, ... 121
Humphreys, Katherine Pryce, ... 124
Here lyes a man who in his life, ... ib.
Hic jacet illa, qui centies & mille, ... 128
Here are the remains of R. A. B. 130
Huntingdon, Robert, of Stanton Harcourt, and his son, 132
Holt, Christopher—Allhallows, Staining, London, ... 136
Here lyeth Menalcas, as dead as a logge, ... 157
Henry, Prince—Son of James the First, ... 160
Here rests a form, once like a man's (on a tailor) 163
Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket, ... 164
Here lyes, the Lord have mercy upon her, ... 174
Henry the Third, ... 175
Here lies an old soldier, whom all must applaud, ... 176
Hewet, Rich, ... 179
Honest, industrious, without guile or art, ... ib.
Here *lyes* M. F. the sonne of a beare-ward, ... 181
Here early freed from sublunary care, ... 187
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, ... 189
Hudibras, on—by Butler, ... 190
Here lies a youth (ah wherefore breathless lies!) 195
Here *lies a poet*,—where's the great surprise? 208
Here lies our little baby; *Nancy*, ... ib.
Hall, Mrs. Catherine, of Crutched Friars, ... 209
Hammon, Thomas—Parish clerk of Ashford, Kent, ... 210
How might his days *end* that made *weeks*? (on a tallow chandler, ... ib.
He died of a quinsy, ... 211

Hildebroad, old John—Dundee, ... 212
Here rests a wearied youth, by death reliev'd, ... 214
Here lies a Sceptic, long in doubt, ... 217
Hervey, Rev. James—Weston Favell, near Northampton, ... 218
Here lies one, who for medicines would not give, ... 226
Here lies imagination's fool, ... 229

I.

I was as yee be, now in dust and clay, ... 16
In dawn of life she wisely sought her God, ... 23
If ever parent, ever child was dear, ... 41
Jones, Elizabeth—Lanorth church, ... 44
Johnson, Shadrach, who kept the Wheat-Sheaf at Bedford, ... 69
Inglott, William—Norwich Cathedral, ... 94
Jervoise, Miss Katherine, ... 140
James, John, the old cook of Newby, ... 145
Juggler, on one, ... 152
In vain our tears, lamented maid, are shed, ... 153
Inn-keeper, on a country, ... 168
Jaines, king, ... 173
Jernegan, Sir, an ancient knight, ... 179
If fond of what is rare, attend—by Young, ... 186
I dreamt that, bury'd in my fellow clay, ... 214
Infant, on one—Berchinton church-yard, Kent, ... 219
Jobson, of Bath, ... 220
Jewell, Jemmy, ... 221
John, on one named, ... 223

K.

Knolles, Thomas, and his wife and son—St. Anthony's, London, ... 123
Kennedy, Mrs. late of Covent-Garden theatre, ... 131
Knapton John—Cathedral church of Norwich, ... 148
Kyngestone, Lady Mary—St. Mary, Low Layton, ... 154
Keil, Dr. the astronomer—by Christopher Pitt, ... 172
Kitte, Bishop—Stepney church, ... 177
Kemp, Thomas, hanged for sheep-stealing, ... 200
Kildare, Earl of, ... 237

L.

Leedes, Robert—Beverly Minster, ... 40
Lambe, William—St. Faith's, under St. Paul's, ... 59
Leycester, Lettice countess of—St. Mary's, Warwick, 60
Lawes, William, a musician, ... 75
Lackington, Mrs.—Merton, Surry, ... 126
Locksmith, a Puritanical one, ... 133
Leslie, the Honourable Lieutenant-General, ... ib.
Lowth, Dr. Bishop of London, ... 140
Loder, Robert—Marston, Oxfordshire, ... 151
Lo! here does lazy Lawrence lie, ... 155
Lyster, Thomas, Esq.—St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, ... ib.
Looke man, before thee, how thy death hasteth, ... 157
Lambe, William, ... 183
Lyttletons, Sir Edward, ... 209
Lovely in death, so on the verdant plain, ... 218
Lyttleton, Lady Lucy—by Lord Lyttleton, ... 222
Lowth, Bishop, on his daughter—Cuddesden, Oxon, .. 226
Levins, Humphrey—All-hallows, Bread Street, ... 232
Lilius Giraldus—Ferrara cathedral, ... 234

M.

Moreton, Sir Albertus, and his lady, ... 4
Mills, John, the huntsman, ... 7
Milne, John—old Grey Friers, Edinburgh, ... 19
Masters, Robin, an undertaker, ... 22
Macklin, the player—by Pope, ... 30
Maria Martinozzi, Princess de Conti—St. Genevieve, Paris, ... 32
Maddox, Mr. a dancing master, and his wife 40
Myonet, Joseph Antony—Winchcombe, Gloucestershire, ... 41
Martyr, St. Peter, an inquisitor in Lombardy, ... 43
Moore, John, and Ann his wife—Worcester cathedral, 47
Miser, on a—Reader beware immoderate love of pelf, 63
Mathie, Eliza Ann—High Wycombe, Bucks, ... 73
Murray, James—Old Grey Friers, Edinburgh, ... 88
Moliere, the great dramatic poet, ... 93
Martin, Henry, one of the regicides of Charles I. 97

Moore, Robert—Dundalk, Ireland, ... 98
Mole, John, who died at Worcester, ... 102
Mason, the Rev. William—Precentor of York, ... 116
Monger, Thomas—Amwell, Herts, ... 142
Manifold, Margaret—Cauldon church, Staffordshire, .. 154
Macdonald, Susan—who died at Lisbon, ... 156
Miller, Lady—Bath cathedral, ... 189
Marlbro', Duke of—by Dr. Evans, of Oxford, ... 196
Manderville, John, Knight—St. Albans, ... ib.
Munday, Mr. who hanged himself, ... 221
Munday, Master Anthony, Citizen of London, ... 233

N.

Newbery, Master—by Smart, ... 13
Natural Philosophers, on a pair of—by Prior, ... 24
Not far remote lies a lamented fair, ... 67
Newton, Sir Isaac—Westminster Abbey, ... 86, 87
Nares, Sir George, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, ... 129
Nipp'd by the chilling hand of death, ... 147
Nicks, Thomas, ... 155
Nott, Mrs.—not a maid, ... 212
None, Mr.—Windham, Norfolk, ... 227

O.

On one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey—by Pope, ... 21
O rare King! What are you there? 32
O'er the proud tomb let martial banners wave, ... 70
O, that the dead might speak, and in a strain, ... 85
Otho, entomb'd within this glebe so hallow'd, ... 125
Overbury, Sir Thomas—written by himself, ... 201
Our life is all but death, time that ensueth, ... 238

P.

Pawson, Mary—St. Margaret's, ... 5
Palmer, Esq.—Snothland, ... ib.
Peter, Randolph, of Oriel, the eater, ... 12
Pitts, the—Blandford, Dorset, ... 14

Prettyman, Katherine—St. Bennet's, London, ... 26
Palma, Roderigo Nancy de—St. Maria Nueva, Naples, 28
Prynne, William—by Butler, ... ib.
Prude, Colonel William—Canterbury cathedral, ... 29
Phelps, Richard—St. Edmund's, Sarum, ... 36
Passerat, an elegant French writer of epitaphs, ... 45
Preston, Robert, the drawer at the Boar's Head, ... 51
Prior, ... 74, 75
Patison, Susan—Hadleigh church, Suffolk, ... 100
Polwhele, Mrs. 119
Purcell, Henry—Westminster Abbey, ... 120
Preene, Richard A—from Camden, ... 124
Peniston, Thomas—Cathedral Rochester, ... 126
Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, ... 148
Phœbus I tell all the hours, and all as right, ... 149
Prince, Thomas, ... 154
Pollexfen, Sir Henry, ... 177
Philosophical epitaph on W. C. 182
Palfryman, John—Grantham church-yard, ... 185
Parnell, Right Honourable Sir John, ... 199
Pettygrew, John, Minister at Givan, near Glasgow, ... 202
Parents and friends weep not for me, ... 213
Passenger, pause! permit a very stone to tell you, ... 220
Pye, John, a farmer, at Coventry, ... ib.
Purdon, Edmond—by Goldsmith, ... 229
Pontanus, Jovianus, ... 233

R.

Rogers, Mr. Junr.—by Dryden, ... 3
Richard the Third, buried at Leicester, ... 11
Reader, stay; and if I had no more to say, ... 15
Rogue, on a great (a parody on Gray) 36
Roe, Sir John—by Ben Jonson, ... 38
Randal, John, a great drinker of ale, ... 52
Robin Hood, the famous outlaw and robber, ... 82
Robinson, Mrs. the Perdita, ... 92
Rogers, Robert—Time's triumph over his death, ... 114
Richardson—the celebrated novelist, ... 125
Raleigh, Sir Walter—by himself, ... 127

Reader! mark well thy accents—on a schoolmaster, .. 134
Richmond and Lenox, Duke of, ... 134
Reader! let other tomb-stones o'er this plain, ... 139
Robertson, Dr. William, ... 143
Remember man, whoe'er thou art, ... 153
Ramsden, Mr.—of Halifax, ... 156
Robin—late huntsman to the Leicester hunt, ... 166
Reader! survey this monumental pile, ... 169
Riviere, the Abbé de la, ... 183
Richelieu, Cardinal, ... 201
Rumbold, Stephen—Brightwell, Oxon, ... 224
Reson, Ellen—Hadleigh, Suffolk, ... ib.
Rook, Richard—St. Edmund's, Salisbury, ... 225
Rowe, Sir Henry—Hackney church-yard, ... 231
Remnant, Stephen—of Woolwich, ... ib.

S,

Silo, Prince, church of San Salvador, Oviedo, ... 1
S. P.—supposed Sal Pavey—a Young Roscius in Queen Elizabeth's reign, ... 6
Savage, Richard—the unfortunate poet, ... 14
Sidney, Sir Philip—St. Paul's cathedral, ... 16
Str-tf-rd, Dr.—a fat physician, ... 18
Stocke, Mr.—Allhallows, Bread Street, ... 38
Sadleir, Richard—Rennesley, Herts, ... 41
Shaughsware, Hadgi—St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, ... 50
Steevens, George, Esq. commentator on Shakspeare, . 53
Scots, Mary Queen of—Westminster Abbey, ... 56
Stay, batchelor, if you have wit, ... 61
Smollett, Dr.—near Dumbarton, in the highlands of Scotland, ... 66
Strafford, Earl of—by John Cleveland, ... 67
Stranger, should'st thou approach this awful shrine, ... 72
Sleep on, thou fair, and wait th' Almighty's will, ... 79
Stern, Michael John—Islington, ... 88
Soldiers, on two of the Hants Militia, ... 95
Stay, traveller, stay, and peruse a sad story, ... 98
Short was thy life, yet livest thou ever, ... 99
Smyth, Henry—commonly called Dog Smyth, ... 100

Skipper, Robert Sterlin—Hoof Dundee, Scotland, ... 103
Strange, John—Bideford church, Devon, ... 106
Seek not to learn who underneath doth lie, ... 107
Stewart, Mrs.—How sleeps the wife who sinks to rest, 116
Shrew, upon a notorious one—by her husband, ... 122
South, Edmund—an eminent dancing master, ... 130
Scandella, Dr.—of New York, ... 137
Smithe, Robert—Brancaster, ... 142
Stanley, Miss—by Thomson, ... 146
Sparges—a miser, ... 147
Smith, Mrs. Eliza, ... 149
Stephen, Little—a noted fiddler in Suffolk, ... 150
Stone, Mr.—Jerusalem curse, ... 153
Sherlock, Dr. 161
Strong, Thomas, Esq. ..... ib.
Shenstone, the poet—Hales-Owen church, ... 164
Servant, on an old—who was deaf and dumb, ... 172
Sweden, Gustavus King of 174
Spenser, Edmond—the poet, ... 176
Straw, Jacobus—a lawyer, ... 180
Sands, Mr. 181
Smith, Samuel—ordinary of Newgate, ... 203
Southern, Thomas—the dramatic poet, ... 213
Strange, Mr.—Here lies one Strange, ... 216
Stronge, Walter—a mason, ... 221
Snow, Mr.—the King's trumpeter, ... 222
Saville, William, ... 237

T.

Time was I stood as thou dost now, ... 5
This humble grave, tho' no proud structures grace, ... 11
Tayler, Simon, Esq.—Receiver-General for Norfolk, .. 12
Tragere, John—Cumberland, ... 45
Tirwhit, Elizabeth—Bigby, Lincoln, ... 46
Trappis, Robert, Goldsmith—St. Leonard, Foster Lane, 54
Thomas, John—Llanmynech, Montgomeryshire, ... 80
Thetcher, Thomas, a grenadier—Cathedral, Winchester, ... 84
This mournful hearse approach each weeping fair, ... 133

Thompson, Alexander—Lauder church-yard, Scotland, ... 151
The happy soul hath left its fair abode, ... 152
'Tis not the tomb in marble polish'd high, ... 158
Tradesman, on an industrious one—Margate, ... 165
This modest stone, what few vain marbles can, ... 171
The image of our frailty painted glasse, ... 178
These lines with golden letters I have filled, ... 179
Thornton, Bonnel, Esq. 186
Thicknesse, Miss—St. Catherine's Hermitage, near Bath, ... 191
Tissey, John—a great punster, ... 197
The grave is a refining pot, ... 217
Taylor, John, the Water Poet, ... ib.
Topham, John and Edward, ... 220
This humble monument will shew, ... 222
Traveller, be not inquisitive about my name, ... 226
Treffry, John, Esq. 230
Trueman, Joan, ... 232
Trott, John, a Bailiff, ... 240

U.

Unmark'd by trophies of the great and vain, ... 26
Under this stone do lie six children small, ... 46
Unpierc'd by any dart but death, ... 70
Usurer, on one—*Here lies ten in the hundred*, ... 157
Underneath here, lies my sister dear, ... 209
Underwood, John, ... 218

V.

Vanburgh, Sir John, the Architect, ... 13
Veary, John—High Wycombe, Bucks, ... 71
Voltaire, ... 117
Vossius, ... 234

W.

William the Third—by Dr. Watts, ... 8
Why start? The case is yours, or will be soon, ... 10
What beauty would have lovely styl'd, ... 18

Wouldst thou hear what man can say—by Ben Jonson 28
Walsingham, Sir Francis—St. Paul's Cathedral, ... 33
Wood, Richard, ... 34
Wake William—All Saints, Herts, ... 37
Whoever knows or hears whose sacred bones, ... 48
Willis, Thomas, M. D.—Fenny Stratford, Bucks, ... 49
Walker, Dr. author of a book entitled "Particles," 59
West, William, comedian—St. Peter's, Norwich, ... 61
Winnington, Right Honourable Thomas, ... 62
Winter, Sir Edward—Battersea church, ... 78
Williams, David—Guilsfield, Montgomeryshire, ... 80
Walmesley, Mr. 110
Winchester, the Marchioness of, ... 113
Wynal, John, the organist, ... 133
Wrottysley, Richard, and his wife—Tettenhall church, 135
White, William—St. Giles's, Salop, ... 139
Wills, Dr. who died at Vienna, ... 146
West, Richard—by Gray, ... 166
Williams, the Reverend David, ... 167
West, Daniel, bargeman—Walton, Surry, ... 169
Wharton, Thomas, the first Lord, ... 176
Wolsey, Cardinal—Leicester Abbey, ... 180
Worme, Sir Richard—Peterborough cathedral, ... 181
Who was never once seen ruffled with anger, ... 188
When age all patient, and without regret, ... ib.
White, John—Temple church, ... 192
William, old, keeper of Kew gate, ... 200
Whether sailor or not, for a moment *avast!* 201
Watts, Dr. Isaac—Bunhill Fields, ... 205
Whitfield, Rev. Mr. G. 216
Wayte, Thomas, Esq. St. James's, Clerkenwell, ... 225
Warner, Joe—Ipswich, ... 229

Y.

Young, Martha Ann, ... 77
Yet a verie little, and he that will come shall come, ... 81
Young gentleman, on one killed by drinking strong beer, ... 86

Yates, Mrs. the celebrated actress, ... 117
Ye rich and great, who bribe the poet's lays, ... 215

Z.

Zeno, St. and his twelve thousand two hundred soldiers, ... 234

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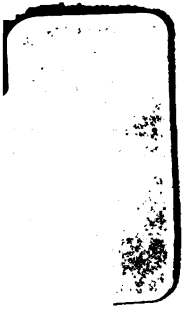
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